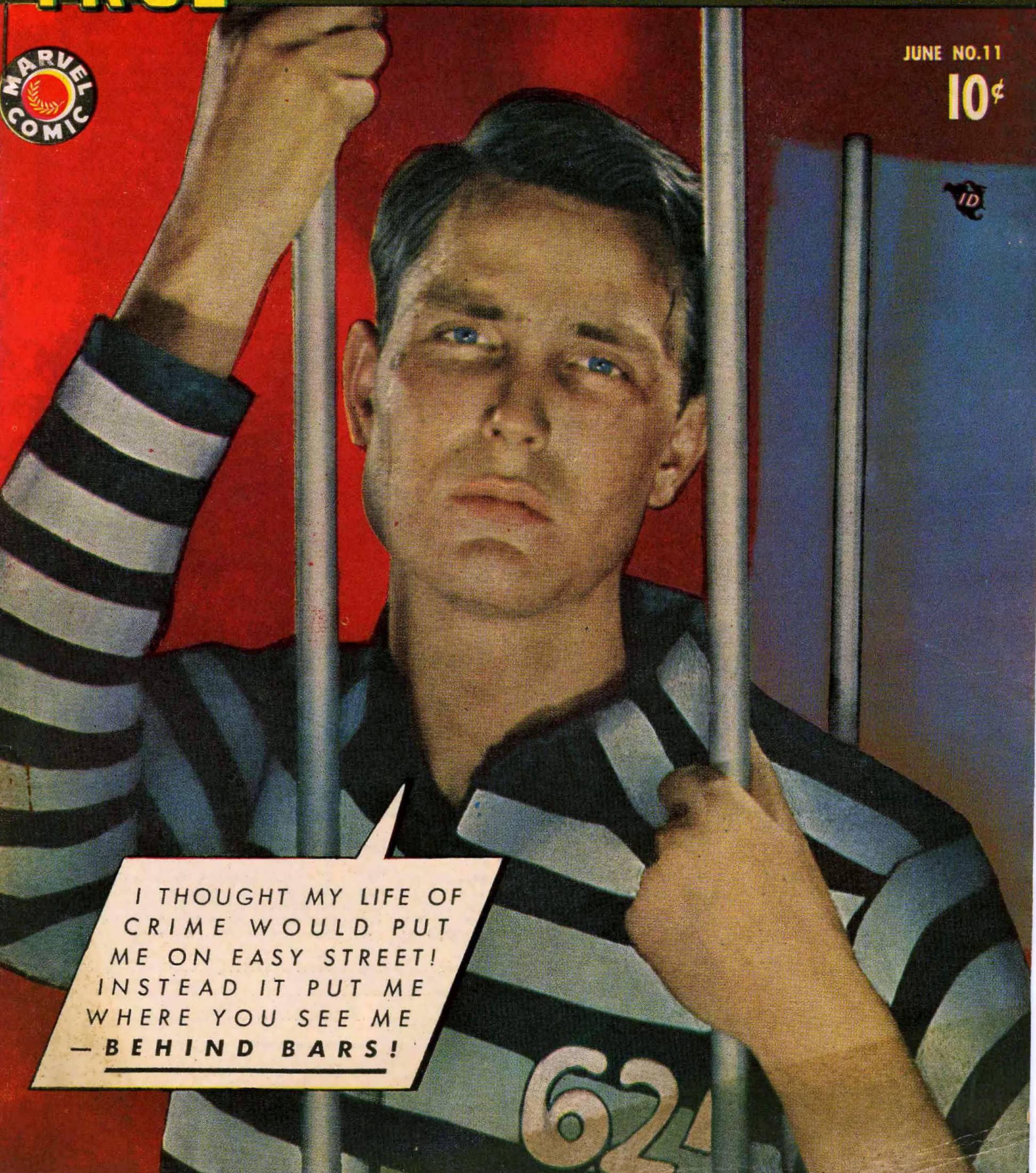
JUSTICE

TRUE CASES *PROVING* CRIME CAN'T WIN!

MARVEL COMIC

JUNE NO.11

10¢

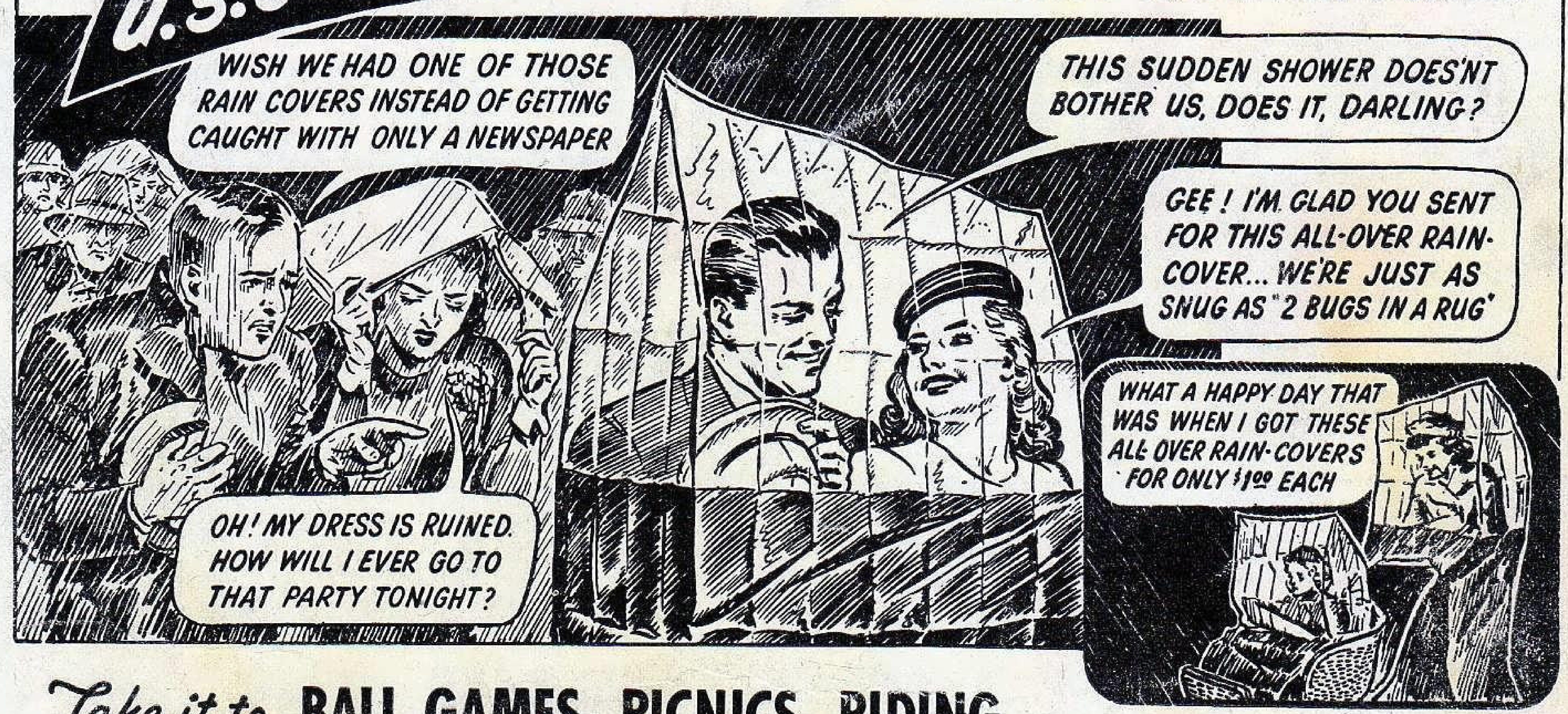


I THOUGHT MY LIFE OF CRIME WOULD PUT ME ON EASY STREET! INSTEAD IT PUT ME WHERE YOU SEE ME —**BEHIND BARS!**
624

Amazing ALL-OVER RAIN-COVER BARGAIN

U.S. GOV'T SURPLUS

BIGGEST VARIETY OF USES OF ANYTHING YOU EVER OWNED


WISH WE HAD ONE OF THOSE RAIN COVERS INSTEAD OF GETTING CAUGHT WITH ONLY A NEWSPAPER
THIS SUDDEN SHOWER DOES'NT BOTHER US, DOES IT, DARLING?
GEE! I'M GLAD YOU SENT FOR THIS ALL-OVER RAIN-COVER... WE'RE JUST AS SNUG AS "2 BUGS IN A RUG"
OH! MY DRESS IS RUINED. HOW WILL I EVER GO TO THAT PARTY TONIGHT?
WHAT A HAPPY DAY THAT WAS WHEN I GOT THESE ALL-OVER RAIN-COVERS FOR ONLY $1.00 EACH

Take it to BALL GAMES, PICNICS, RIDING, HUNTING, FISHING . . . 101 OTHER USES

LET 'ER RAIN! WE DON'T CARE DO WE HONEY? —THIS IS FUN!

YOU WILL NEVER GET ANOTHER ONE AT THIS LOW PRICE
ONLY $1.00
Folds to small pocket size pack. carry it anywhere

JIMMY, DON'T YOU WISH YOU HAD SENT FOR ONE OF THOSE ALL-OVER RAIN-COVERS? THEY COST ONLY $1. AND LOOK WHAT THEY SAVE YOU

This newest type, durable, compact, light, all-weather, all-purpose cover-all was made for gas warfare protection. It's all plastic with transparent top. You can see in all directions. It's BIG . . . 52" long, 52" wide. Big enough for two people to keep perfectly dry. Covers you completely . . . hat, coat, shoes and ALL.

Big and roomy as it is, folds to compact package of 4" by 7". Small enough to fit in pocket, lady's purse, golf bag, tackle box, dashboard compartment, etc. Ready instantly if you're caught in rain or sleet storm whether walking, riding, in open car, watching ball game, hunting, fishing, picnicking, etc. Children play tent, too. Insert clothes-hanger and you have dust-proof hamper to store clothes, dresses. Covers baby's carriage. Etc., etc.

Amazing close-out price is only $1.00, and they're going fast. If you don't agree that these specially made cover-alls are worth 4 or 5 times that much, we'll refund your dollar. It's the kind of all-over weather-protection you have wished often you could find. Keeps you as dry and cozy as a bug-in-a-rug because it covers your hat, coat, shoes, and ALL. Rain can't get to you. Get one or two NOW. You will not have another chance like this after this close-out is gone.

SEND NO MONEY. Mail the coupon TODAY. When package arrives in special foil-lined case, deposit only $1.00 plus C.O.D. postage with postman. Open it and SEE what an amazing VARIETY of uses to which you can put it. If not 100% pleased, return in 5 days for money back. BUT HURRY. This is a close-out, and you will never get another one at this bargain price.

SURPLUS SALES, Dept. 54-D A, Joliett, Ill.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

SURPLUS SALES, Dept. 54-D A, Joliet, Ill.

Please send me............All-weather, All-purpose Cover-all at $1.00 each. I will deposit the total amount of my order with postman, plus C.O.D. Postage on arrival. (If I enclose total amount of my order with coupon, you are to pay all postage charges.)

Name...

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City...State.................

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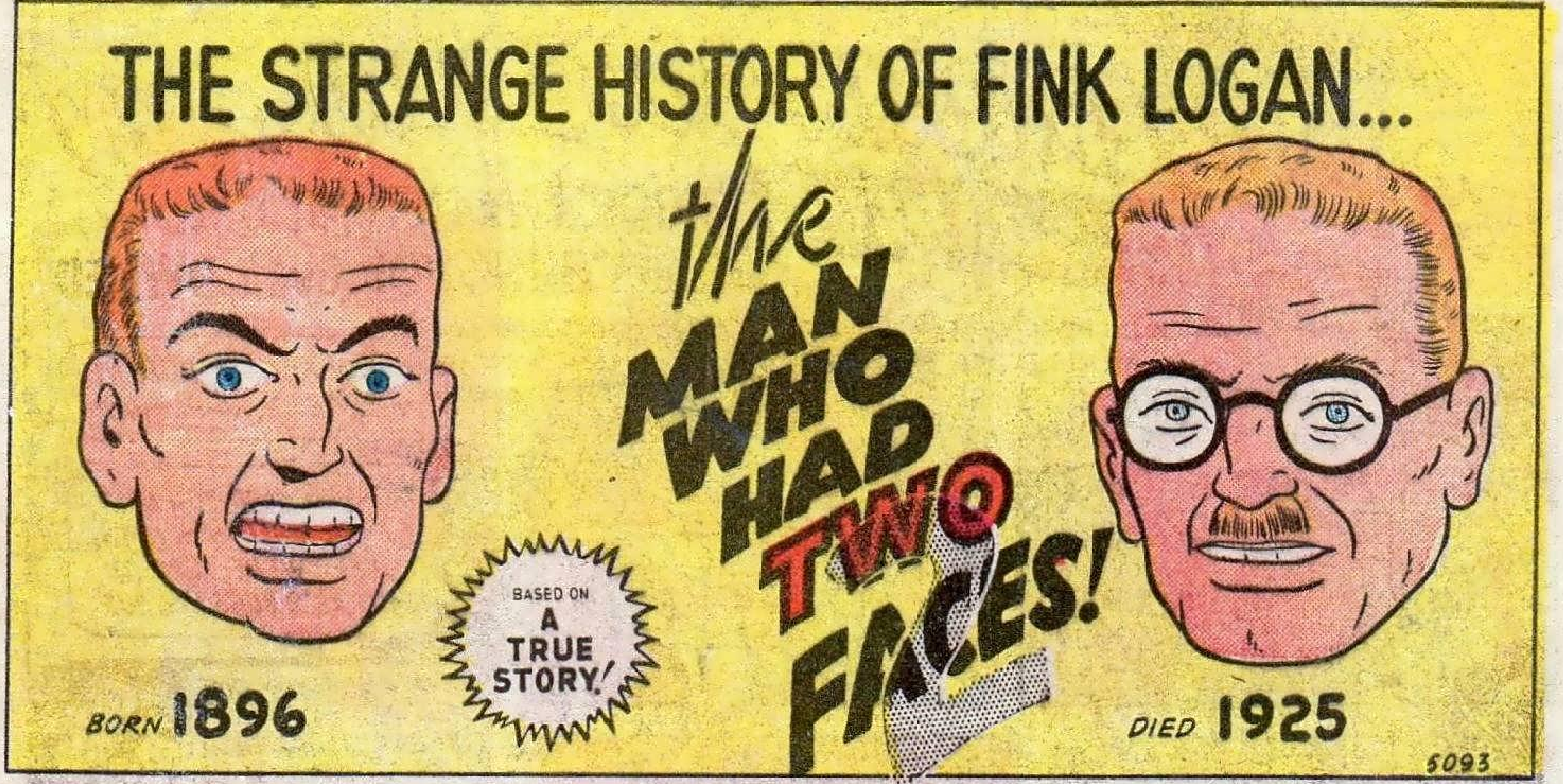
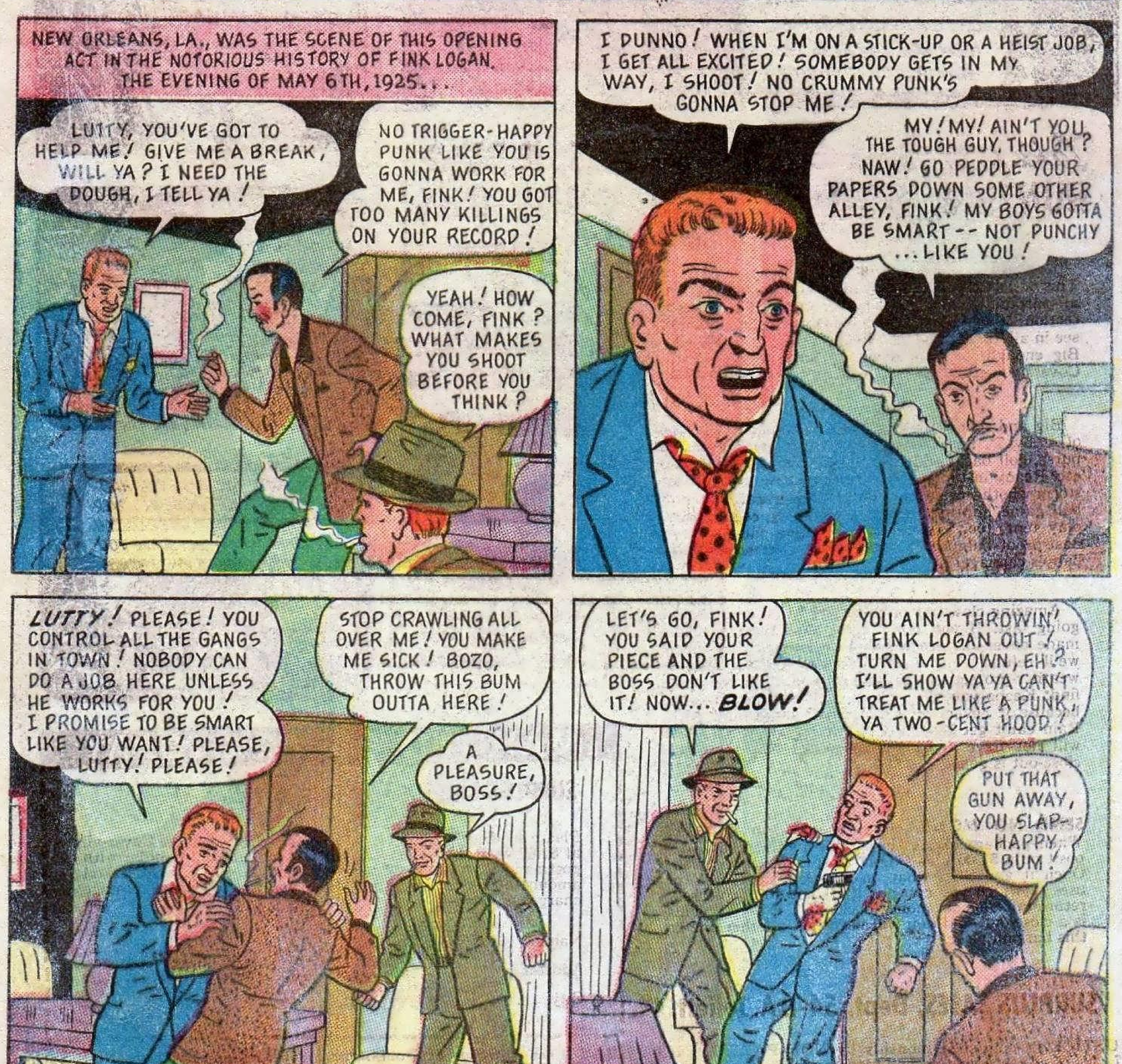
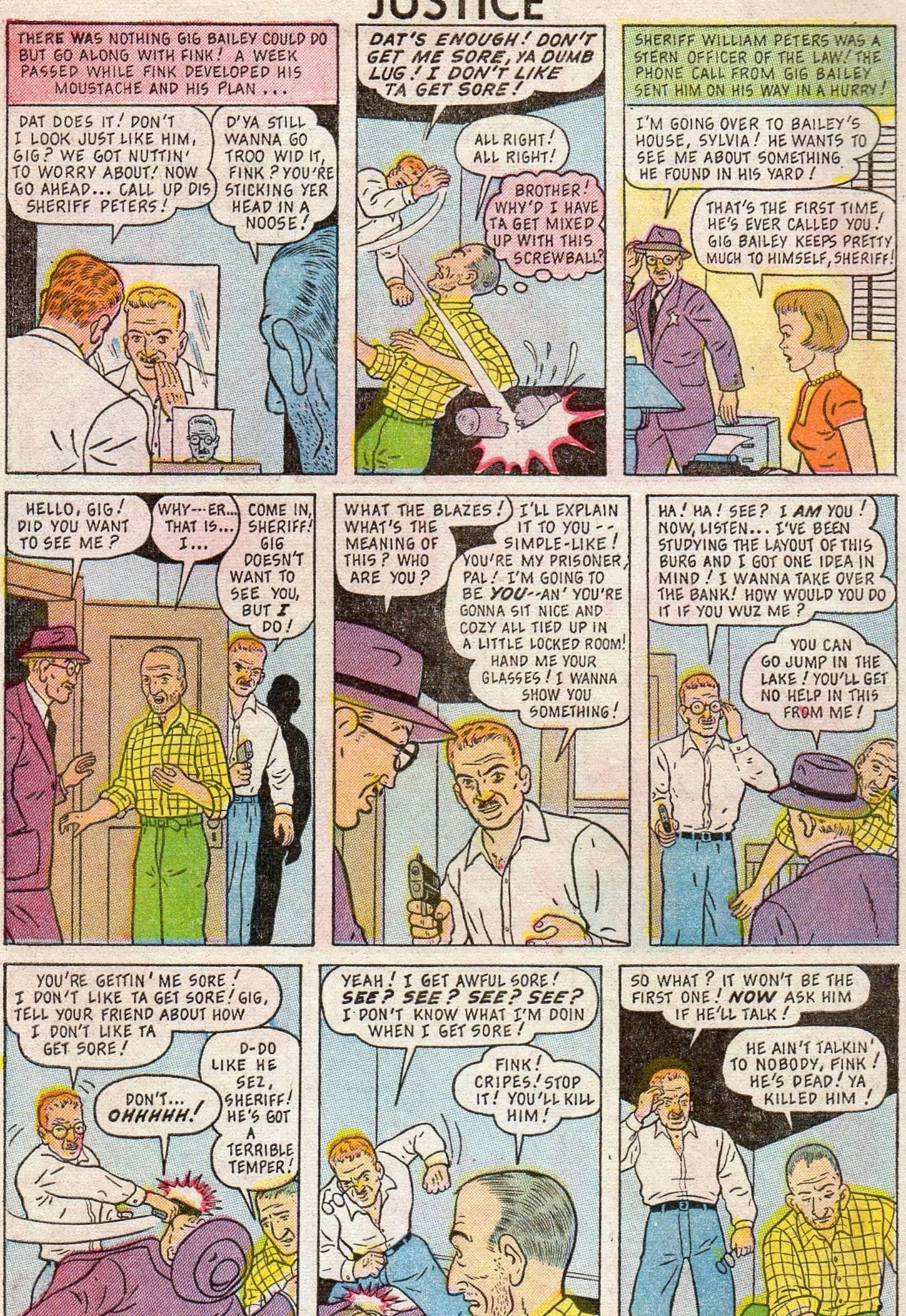

THE STRANGE HISTORY OF FINK LOGAN...
the MAN WHO HAD TWO FACES!
BASED ON A TRUE STORY!
BORN 1896
DIED 1925
5093


NEW ORLEANS, LA., WAS THE SCENE OF THIS OPENING ACT IN THE NOTORIOUS HISTORY OF FINK LOGAN. THE EVENING OF MAY 6TH, 1925...
LUTTY, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! GIVE ME A BREAK, WILL YA? I NEED THE DOUGH, I TELL YA!
NO TRIGGER-HAPPY PUNK LIKE YOU IS GONNA WORK FOR ME, FINK! YOU GOT TOO MANY KILLINGS ON YOUR RECORD!
YEAH! HOW COME, FINK? WHAT MAKES YOU SHOOT BEFORE YOU THINK?
I DUNNO! WHEN I'M ON A STICK-UP OR A HEIST JOB, I GET ALL EXCITED! SOMEBODY GETS IN MY WAY, I SHOOT! NO CRUMMY PUNK'S GONNA STOP ME!
MY! MY! AIN'T YOU THE TOUGH GUY, THOUGH? NAW! GO PEDDLE YOUR PAPERS DOWN SOME OTHER ALLEY, FINK! MY BOYS GOTTA BE SMART -- NOT PUNCHY ... LIKE YOU!
LUTTY! PLEASE! YOU CONTROL ALL THE GANGS IN TOWN! NOBODY CAN DO A JOB HERE UNLESS HE WORKS FOR YOU! I PROMISE TO BE SMART LIKE YOU WANT! PLEASE, LUTTY! PLEASE!
STOP CRAWLING ALL OVER ME! YOU MAKE ME SICK! BOZO, THROW THIS BUM OUTTA HERE!
A PLEASURE, BOSS!
LET'S GO, FINK! YOU SAID YOUR PIECE AND THE BOSS DON'T LIKE IT! NOW... BLOW!
YOU AIN'T THROWIN' FINK LOGAN OUT! TURN ME DOWN, EH? I'LL SHOW YA YA CAN'T TREAT ME LIKE A PUNK, YA TWO-CENT HOOD!
PUT THAT GUN AWAY, YOU SLAP-HAPPY BUM!
1

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

SLAP-HAPPY, EH? PUNCHY? TOUGH GUY? I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TOUGH I AM! YOU GOT ME MAD, BOYS! YOU GOT ME AWFUL MAD!
FINK, NO! WE WUZ ONLY KIDDIN'! YOU CAN WORK FOR ME ANY TIME!
YEAH! HEH! HEH! PUT THE GAT AWAY, PAL, WILL YA?
I'M NOT KIDDIN'! SO LONG, SAPS!
NO! NO! FINK! NO! OHHHH!
YOU GUN-CRAZY HOOD! UGGGH!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
YOU DIRTY, DOUBLE-DEALING...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, LUTTY? AIN'TCHA DEAD YET?
BANG! BANG!
I SHOWED 'EM THEY CAN'T TREAT ME LIKE DIRT! THEY WON'T CALL ME PUNCHY ANY MORE! NOW I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE! LUTTY'S BOYS AIN'T GONNA LIKE DIS!
IT WASN'T ONLY LUTTY'S BOYS THAT DIDN'T CARE FOR THIS GANGLAND KILLING! THE POLICE ALSO TOOK AN INTEREST...
HMMM! EVEN A SO-CALLED "SMART" GANG CHIEF LIKE LUTTY SEARS COULDN'T ESCAPE DEATH BY BULLETS!
LEAD OR THE CHAIR... THEY ALL END UP THE SAME WAY!
GOT THE REPORT ON THE FINGER-PRINTS IN THE SEARS KILLING?
RIGHT, CHIEF! IT WAS A LEAD-PIPE CINCH! BESIDES THE PRINTS OF SEARS AND BOZO ALLEN--WE FOUND THOSE OF FINK LOGAN!
FINK LOGAN! THE GUN-CRAZY, PUNCH-DRUNK EX-PRIZEFIGHTER! SO HE KILLED BOZO AND LUTTY! IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF WHO GETS TO HIM FIRST--US OR THE MOBS!
RIGHT! WHEN THE GANGS FIND OUT ABOUT THIS, THERE WON'T BE A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY WHERE HE CAN HIDE OUT! HE'S A DOOMED MAN!
FINK LOGAN HAD VANISHED FROM ALL HIS KNOWN HAUNTS! THREE DAYS LATER, ON MAY 9TH, HE SHOWED UP IN THE BACK OFFICE OF A POOLROOM!
LOGAN! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE? EVERY COP IN TOWN IS ON THE PROWL FOR YOU!
HI, BARKER! YOU SHOULD BE GLAD TO SEE ME! AFTER ALL, I WIPED OUT YOUR OPPOSITION, DIDN'T I? YOU'RE THE BIG SHOT, AIN'T YA?
N-NOW, TAKE IT EASY, FINK! AND DON'T GET MAD AT WHAT I'M GONNA TELL YA! I CAN'T HELP YA! YOU'RE TOO HOT, FINK! THE COPS HAVE BEEN TAKING EVERYBODY IN, LOOKIN' FOR YA! I'M SORRY, BUT...
YOU'RE GONNA TURN ME DOWN, BAKER?

YOU'RE GETTIN' ME SORE! I DON'T LIKE GETTIN' SORE!
FINK, LISTEN! PUT THAT GAT AWAY! I'LL HELP YOU! LOOK, HERE'S SOME DOUGH! GET OUTTA TOWN TILL THE HEAT'S OFF! THEN YOU CAN COME BACK AND WORK FOR ME! SEE? DON'T I WANNA HELP YA? HOP THE RODS TO SHREVE HILL! IT'S A LITTLE TOWN ABOUT A HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE! LOOK UP GIG BAILEY! HE'LL PUT YA UP!
ALL RIGHT, BARKER, THANKS! BUT DON'T FORGET... I WORK FOR YOU WHEN THE HEAT'S OFF!
YEAH! SURE! SURE!
WHEW!
DODGING THE POLICE LIKE AN ELUSIVE EEL, FINK LOGAN SNEAKED OUT OF TOWN, AND MADE HIS WAY TO THE OUT-OF-THE-WAY TOWN OF SHREVE HILL, A SLEEPY LITTLE TOWN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE EVERGLADES!
WHAT A DUMP! WHAT D'YA DO AROUND HERE FOR EXCITEMENT, GIG?
EXCITEMENT? YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR EXCITEMENT? AIN'TCHA HAD ENOUGH FOR AWHILE?
AHHH... SHUT UP! HEY! WHO'S DIS GUY IN DE PAPER?
HUH? OH, THAT'S OUR LOCAL SHERIFF! USED TO BE A PRIZE-FIGHTER... LIKE YOU, FINK!
YEAH! I CAN SEE DAT! LOOK AT HIM! HE'S GOT A BUSTED NOSE LIKE ME... AND A CAULIFLOWER EAR... LIKE ME! HEY! EXCEPT FOR THE GLASSES AND MOUSTACHE, HE LOOKS JUST LIKE ME!
YEAH! HE DOES AT DAT, FINK!
HONORED
SHERIFF WILLIAM PETERS
YEOW! I GOT AN IDEA! WHAT'S DA MATTER WITH SNATCHIN' DIS GUY AN' ME TAKIN' HIS PLACE? I COULD GROW A LIP-TICKLER LIKE HIS IN A WEEK! BOY! WHAT A RACKET I'D HAVE! I'D GET A PILE O' DOUGH BIG ENOUGH TO LIVE LIKE A KING!
WHAT? FINK, ARE YOU NUTS? YA MUST BE KIDDIN! YA'D NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT! YA ARE KIDDIN', AIN'TCHA?
LISTEN, GIG, I NEVER KID! I'M GOIN' TROO WID DIS AN' YOU'RE GONNA HELP ME, SEE?
FINK! STOP! YER CHOKIN' ME! WAIT A MINUTE, WILL YA? I JUST MEANT YA CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT! IT'S TOO LONG A SHOT! LET UP, WILL YA?
I'M RUNNIN' THIS SHOW! I'LL TELL YA IF WE CAN GET AWAY WITH IT! ALL YA GOTTA DO IS PLAY ALONG, AND SAY UNCLE! YA BETTER DO LIKE I SAY, GIG, OR I SQUEEZE A LITTLE HARDER.. AN' I WOULDN'T LIKE TO DO THAT!
D-D-DON'T! YOU'LL KILL ME! I'LL DO WHAT YA SAY! IT'S A FOOL CHANCE... BUT I'LL DO IT! JUST LET GO OF ME!


THERE WAS NOTHING GIG BAILEY COULD DO BUT GO ALONG WITH FINK! A WEEK PASSED WHILE FINK DEVELOPED HIS MOUSTACHE AND HIS PLAN . . .
DAT DOES IT! DON'T I LOOK JUST LIKE HIM, GIG? WE GOT NUTTIN' TO WORRY ABOUT! NOW GO AHEAD... CALL UP DIS SHERIFF PETERS!
D'YA STILL WANNA GO TROO WID IT, FINK? YOU'RE STICKING YER HEAD IN A NOOSE!
DAT'S ENOUGH! DON'T GET ME SORE, YA DUMB LUG! I DON'T LIKE TA GET SORE!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!
BROTHER! WHY'D I HAVE TA GET MIXED UP WITH THIS SCREWBALL?
SHERIFF WILLIAM PETERS WAS A STERN OFFICER OF THE LAW! THE PHONE CALL FROM GIG BAILEY SENT HIM ON HIS WAY IN A HURRY!
I'M GOING OVER TO BAILEY'S HOUSE, SYLVIA! HE WANTS TO SEE ME ABOUT SOMETHING HE FOUND IN HIS YARD!
THAT'S THE FIRST TIME HE'S EVER CALLED YOU! GIG BAILEY KEEPS PRETTY MUCH TO HIMSELF, SHERIFF!
HELLO, GIG! DID YOU WANT TO SEE ME?
WHY---ER... THAT IS... I...
COME IN, SHERIFF! GIG DOESN'T WANT TO SEE YOU, BUT I DO!
WHAT THE BLAZES! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHO ARE YOU?
I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO YOU -- SIMPLE-LIKE! YOU'RE MY PRISONER, PAL! I'M GOING TO BE YOU--AN' YOU'RE GONNA SIT NICE AND COZY ALL TIED UP IN A LITTLE LOCKED ROOM! HAND ME YOUR GLASSES! I WANNA SHOW YOU SOMETHING!
HA! HA! SEE? I AM YOU! NOW, LISTEN... I'VE BEEN STUDYING THE LAYOUT OF THIS BURG AND I GOT ONE IDEA IN MIND! I WANNA TAKE OVER THE BANK! HOW WOULD YOU DO IT IF YOU WUZ ME?
YOU CAN GO JUMP IN THE LAKE! YOU'LL GET NO HELP IN THIS FROM ME!
YOU'RE GETTIN' ME SORE! I DON'T LIKE TA GET SORE! GIG, TELL YOUR FRIEND ABOUT HOW I DON'T LIKE TA GET SORE!
DON'T... OHHHHH!
D-DO LIKE HE SEZ, SHERIFF! HE'S GOT A TERRIBLE TEMPER!
YEAH! I GET AWFUL SORE! SEE? SEE? SEE? SEE? I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN WHEN I GET SORE!
FINK! CRIPES! STOP IT! YOU'LL KILL HIM!
SO WHAT? IT WON'T BE THE FIRST ONE! NOW ASK HIM IF HE'LL TALK!
HE AIN'T TALKIN' TO NOBODY, FINK! HE'S DEAD! YA KILLED HIM!

YOU AND YER ROTTEN TEMPER! NOW YA GOT ME MIXED UP IN MURDER!
SHUT YER YAP OR YOU'LL GET WHAT HE GOT! NOW DO WHAT I SAY! STRIP HIM... I NEED HIS CLOTHES... AND TOSS HIM IN THE CELLAR! FINK LOGAN'S GONNA SHOW THIS TOWN SOME HIGH CLASS HEISTIN'! C'MON, MOVE!
THAT AFTERNOON, A FIGURE WALKED UP TO THE SHREVE HILL NATIONAL BANK!
HI, SHERIFF! HOW'S CRIME COMIN'?
COMIN' TO MY HOUSE FOR CARDS, AREN'T YOU, SHERIFF?
YEAH... SURE!
AT'S FUNNY! OL' BILL PETERS CAN'T BE FEELING GOOD! CAN'T BE-- WHEN HE WON'T STOP AND GAB WITH US!
MUST BE WORKING ON SOME BIG CASE LIKE WHO SHOT THAT PHEASANT OUT OF SEASON! HAW! HAW!
IT'S WORKIN'! THEY DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE! THEY'RE FOOLED! THINK I'M THE SHERIFF!
HELLO, BILL! WHAT'S UP?
DON'T WANNA SCARE YA, BUT THERE'S TALK ABOUT SOME CROOKS HANGIN' 'ROUND THE EVERGLADES! I'LL HANG AROUND UNTIL YA CLOSE UP!
S. GARFIELD
HA! WHO'S GOING TO ROB US? OKAY! WE CLOSE UP SOON, ANYWAY! STEVE AND LYDIA'LL LEAVE AND I'LL CLOSE UP! HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR VOICE? SOUNDS DIFFERENT, SOMEHOW! GOT A COLD?
YEAH... DAT'S IT! A COLD!
S. GARFIELD
A HALF HOUR LATER THE TWO CLERKS LEFT, AND BANKER SAM GARFIELD STARTED TO CLOSE THE VAULTS...
SEE? THERE WAS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT...
JUST A MINUTE, CHUM! HAND OVER THE DOUGH IN THERE OR I PLUG YA! MAKE IT SNAPPY, SUCKER!
WHAT? BILL, WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU? YOU DRUNK... OR JOKING?
I AIN'T BILL! I AIN'T DRUNK AND I AIN'T JOKIN'! AND I DON'T LIKE TO GET CROSSED-- IT GETS ME SORE! C'MON! THE DOUGH! THE DOUGH!
THAT'S A GOOD BOY! NOW GET IN THERE AND KEEP THAT EMPTY VAULT COMPANY! SO LONG, SUCKER!
DON'T! I'LL DIE IN THERE... SUFFOCATE! HAVE MERCY! HAVE...
BUT FINK LOCKED THE VAULT WITH BANKER GARFIELD A PRISONER IN IT, AND WALKED BOLDLY OUT INTO THE STREET...
HEY, BILL! I WANT TO KNOW--ARE YOU OR AREN'T YOU COMING TO MY PLACE TONIGHT?
GET AWAY FROM ME! I AIN'T GOT TIME TO TALK TO YOU!
HEY! THAT'S NOT BILL PETERS!!!

WHAT? LLOYD, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? ARE YOU CRAZY?
NO, I'M NOT! BILL PETERS ALWAYS WAS LETTER-CAREFUL ABOUT HIS GRAMMAR! HE NEVER SAID "AIN'T" IN HIS LIFE! I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS GUY! HE'S A PHONY!
SMART GUY, EH? ALL RIGHT, I'M NOT THE SHERIFF! SO WHAT?
WHERE'S BILL? WHAT DID YOU DO WITH HIM?
GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU HICKS! YOU'RE LIABLE TO GET ME SORE!
GRAB HIM! HE'S A CROOK!
NOW YA GOT ME SORE! I DON'T LIKE TO GET SORE! OUTTA MY WAY!
YOU DIRTY KILLER! YOU... OHHHH!
HELP! HELP! UGHHH!
BANG! BANG!
NO PUNK HICKS ARE GONNA STOP FINK LOGAN! DIE-- YOU LUGS!
HE'S GOING INTO GIG BAILEY'S HOUSE! GET SOME GUNS! WE'LL SHOOT HIM OUT!
BANG!
BAILEY! GET OUT OF THERE! A KILLER'S IN YOUR PLACE!
FINK! FOR THE LUVVA MIKE! WHAT WENT WRONG? DID YOU MESS EVERYTHING UP?
SHUT UP AND GET YER GAT! THE WHOLE HICK TOWN IS ON MY TRAIL! I'LL WIPE 'EM ALL OUT, THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO!
I KNEW YOU'D DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS! THE WHOLE IDEA WAS SCREWY!
WILL YA STOP GABBIN' AND START SHOOTIN'? IF THEY THINK THEY'RE GETTIN' ME, THEY GOT ANOTHER IDEA COMIN'! C'MON, YOU BLASTED HICKS! LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU SHOOT!
BAILEY, GET OUT OF THERE IF YOU CAN! WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO SHOOT YOU!
IT'S A DIRTY BREAK FOR GIG, THAT KILLER RUNNING INTO HIS HOUSE! HOPE HE DOESN'T GET HURT!
THEY THINK I'M INNOCENT! IF I KNOCK OFF FINK, I'LL GET AWAY CLEAN! I'LL BE A HERO TO THESE HICKS IF I KILL HIM!
THAT'S ONE MORE I GOT! GIG, ARE YA SHOOTIN'?
BANG!

YEAH, FINK! I'M SHOOTING... YOU!
UGH! GIG, YA DIRTY, CRUMMY RAT!
BANG!
TOUGH, AIN'T IT? WHAT'S THE MATTER? AIN'T YA DEAD YET? OKAY, HERE'S MORE SLUGS FOR YA!
EMPTY! YOUR GAT'S EMPTY!
CLICK!
BUT MINE ISN'T! BEEN NICE KNOWIN' YA, YA RAT!
N-N-NO! FINK, DON'T! I'LL HELP YA GET AWAY! I'LL BE YOUR FRIEND! I'LL...
HOLD IT, MISTER!
WHA..? YOU HICKS! I'LL SHOW YOU!
GET HIM! GET HIM! HE'S A DIRTY KILLER... A CROOK!
I'LL... OHHHH!
YOUR SHOOTING DAYS ARE OVER, WHOEVER YOU ARE!
BANG!
OH! THANK YOU FOR GETTING HIM! THAT WAS FINK LOGAN, WANTED FOR MURDER ALL OVER THE STATE! HE TOLD ME WHO HE WAS TO TRY TO SCARE ME! WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! YOU SAW HIM TRY TO SHOOT ME, DIDN'T YA? THANKS...
HOLD IT, BAILEY!
YOU'RE IN THIS AS DEEP AS HE IS! WE HEARD YOU TWO TALKING... AND WE KNOW YOU AND HE WERE PARTNERS!
YEAH... AND HOW! I JUST FOUND THE SHERIFF'S BODY IN THE CELLAR! HOW ABOUT IT, BAILEY?
NO! NO! HE FORCED ME TO DO IT! I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YOU! INNOCENT!
WE GOT BANKER GARFIELD OUT OF THE VAULT! OKAY, TOO! JUST IN TIME!
BUT INVESTIGATION PROVED THAT GIG BAILEY WAS A NOTORIOUS MEMBER OF SLIM BARKER'S MOB, WITH A RECORD OF FIFTEEN YEARS' STANDING! FURTHER POLICE WORK BROUGHT OUT THE FACT THAT HE HAD HAD A VISITOR OVER A WEEK BEFORE ... A VISITOR WHO STAYED...
ALL RIGHT! IT WUZ LOGAN! HE WUZ HIDIN' OUT AT MY PLACE! BUT I AIN'T NO KILLER! IT WAS HIM! HE WAS TRIGGER-HAPPY ... GUN-CRAZY!
SIGN THIS STATEMENT, BAILEY!
7
THE END OF THE WILD, GUN-PUNCHY CAREER OF FINK LOGAN HAD COME TO A VIOLENT AND ABRUPT END ON MAY 20, 1925! PROOF THAT NOWHERE WAS SUCH AN OUTLAW SAFE FROM THE FORCES OF THE LAW...
GIG BAILEY WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE IN FEDERAL PRISON, AS AN ACCOMPLICE IN THE MURDER OF SHERIFF BILL PETERS, THE MAN WHO NEVER MADE A GRAMMATICAL ERROR!
THE END

"A Letter to Our Readers and Their Parents!"

IT IS OUR EARNEST HOPE THAT YOU ENJOY reading our magazines. You know, there are many different kinds of stories, and we get a different kind of satisfaction from each one. We like the stories of Robin Hood and the Iliad of Homer, because we can imagine ourselves heroes, overcoming the enemy. We like stories of great men in history, because they make us ambitious to do good, kind deeds. We like stories of mischievous boys like Tom Sawyer, because Tom does many of the things we would enjoy doing, but some of them we cannot do.

Some of you probably choose books with a lot of pictures, because the pictures seem to make the story live. That, to some extent, explains your interest in comics.

In our magazines, we try to give you good pictures and interesting stories. We would like to feel, also, that we are helping you to take a stand in favor of right and justice, develop respect for law and order, and learn to protect weaker people, just like the heroes in our adventure stories.

The grown-ups of this world owe you young people an apology, because we haven't made the world a very secure and peaceful place in which to live. Our comics portray, it is true, some of the unhappy things that happen in the world. But they are things you know about anyway—and in the stories, at least, the good people always win. All of us wish it were that way in real life as well.

Just as there are good and bad people, good and bad radio programs, good and bad movies, so there is good and bad literature. In order to help you always choose the good, we will continue to do our best to maintain a high standard in our own magazines.

Please remember that comics, with their many pictures, are just one type of literature. We also want you to grow familiar with the great books in our vast literary heritage, and we have no doubt that, with guidance from your parents, teachers, and town librarians, you *will* become interested in those classics, and learn to love them.

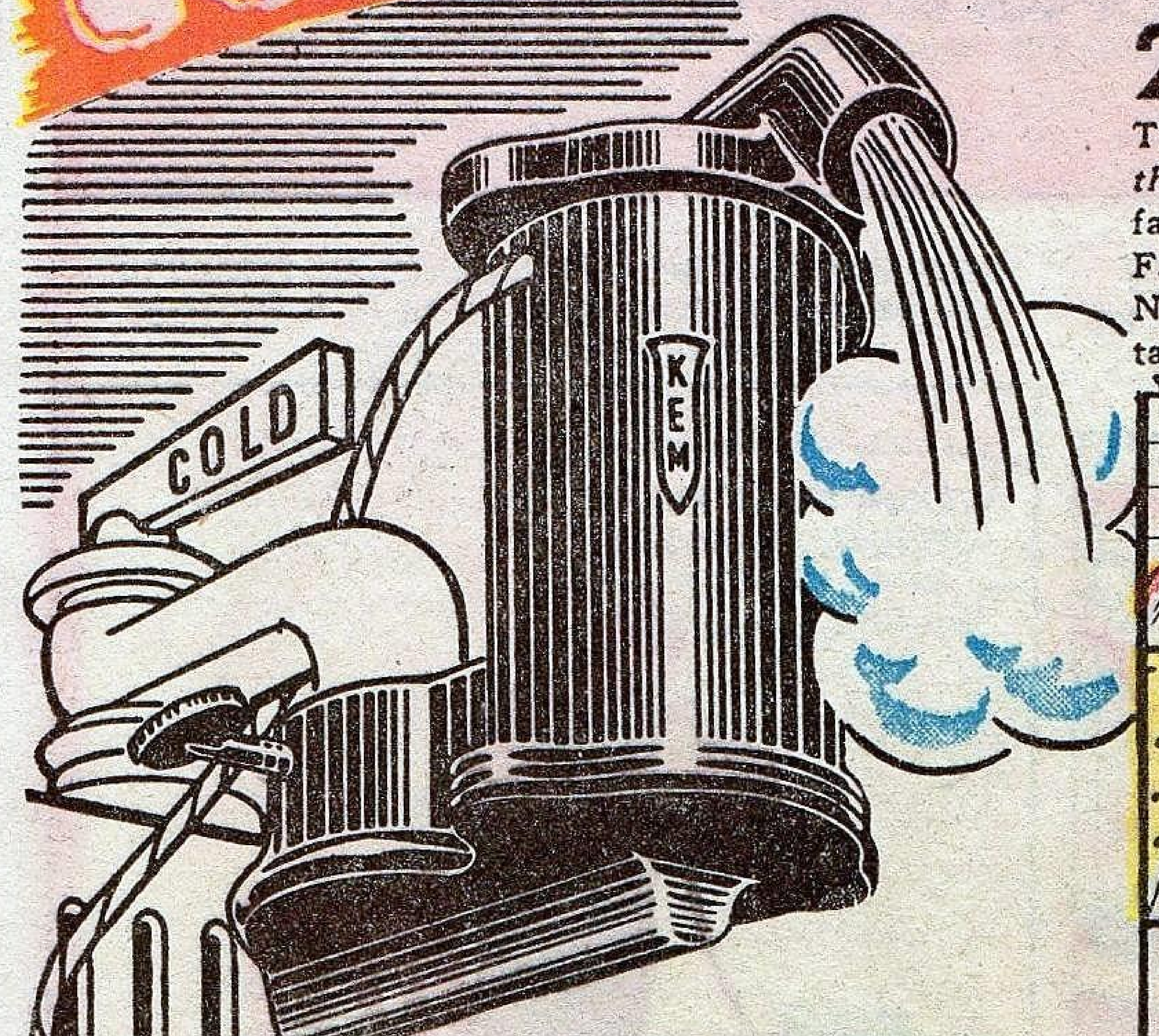
Meanwhile, don't forget, though you can get the thrill of humor and adventure in comic magazines—they should, nonetheless, be considered in two ways: Not only for the pleasure they give you, but also as a stepping-stone to your appreciation of books that have stood the test of time as reading fare for all people, young and old.

Incidentally, one of our recent editorials used the word "endorsement" in connection with Dr. Thompson's services to us as Editorial Consultant. In the interest of further clarification of Dr. Thompson's functions, we wish to state that Marvel Comic Group submits all its published magazines to Dr. Thompson for review, criticism, and report to our staff, which is under constant instruction to accept Dr. Thompson's criticisms, and to abide by the same. In this way, we constantly strive to bring better comic magazines to our vast group of readers.

MARVEL COMIC GROUP
THE EDITORS

NOW! The Amazing ELECTRIC FAUCET HEATER that gives HOT WATER from your COLD WATER FAUCET!

-in a Jiffy!



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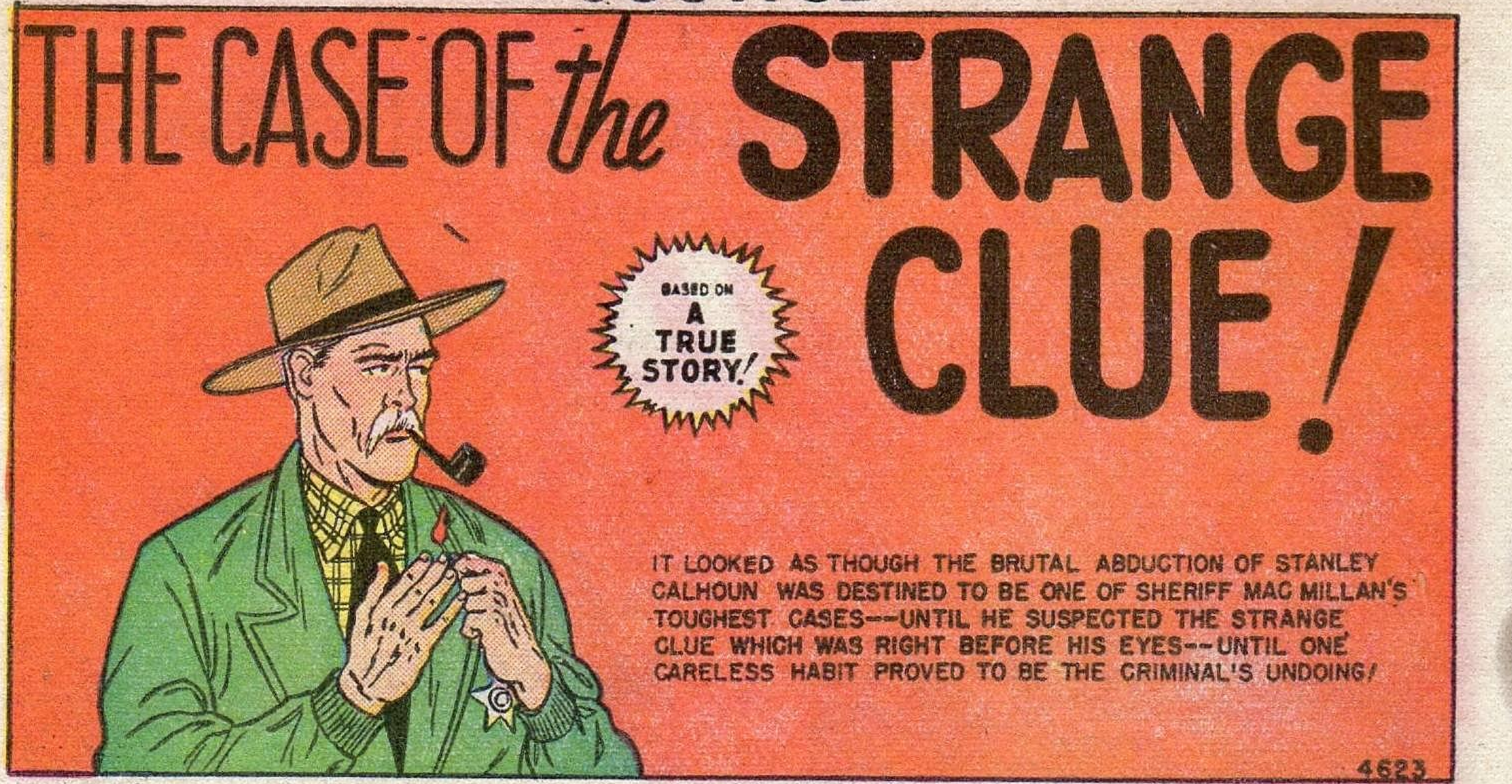
(PLEASE PRINT)

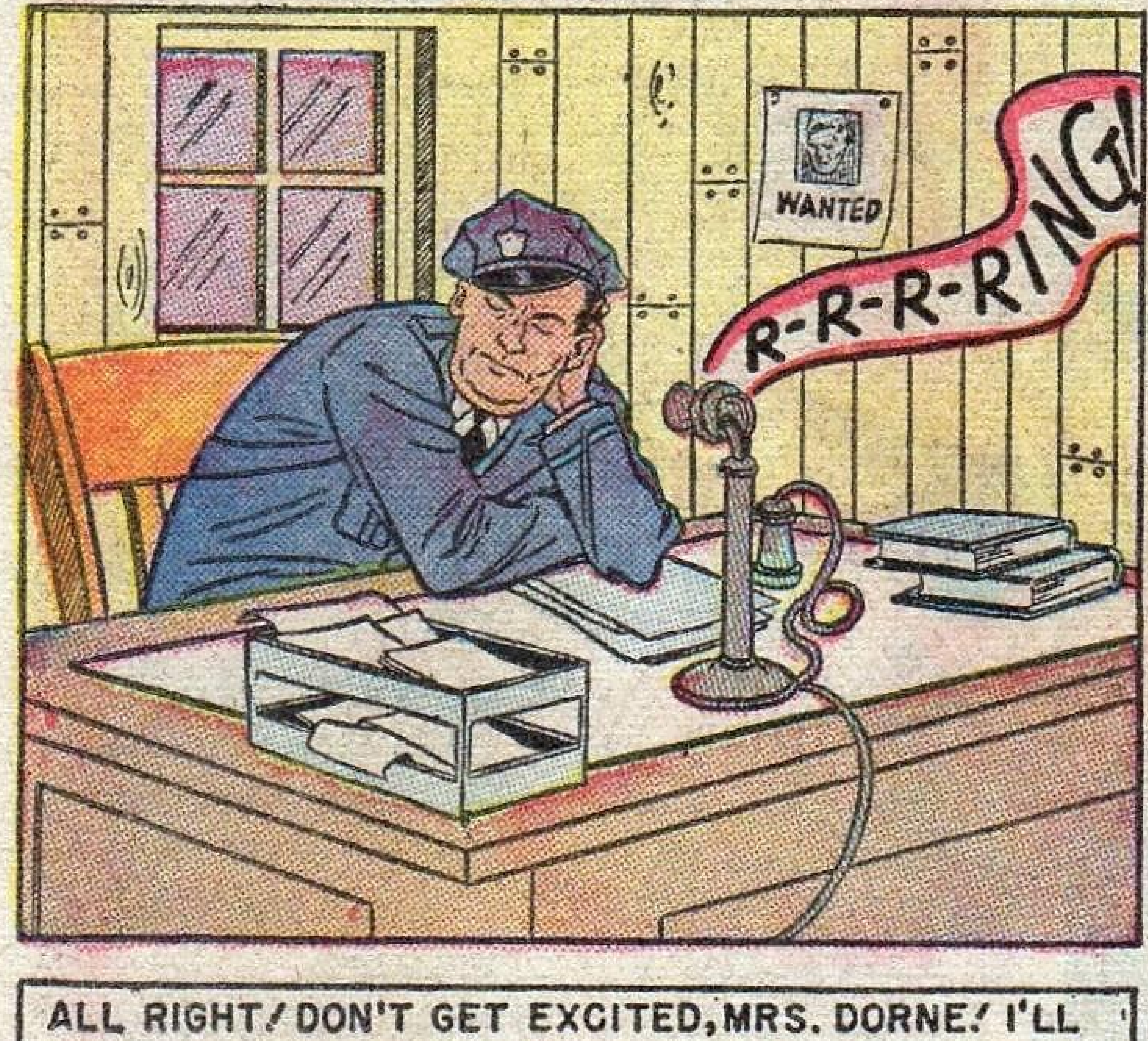
MAIL COUPON TODAY!

THE CASE OF *the* STRANGE CLUE!

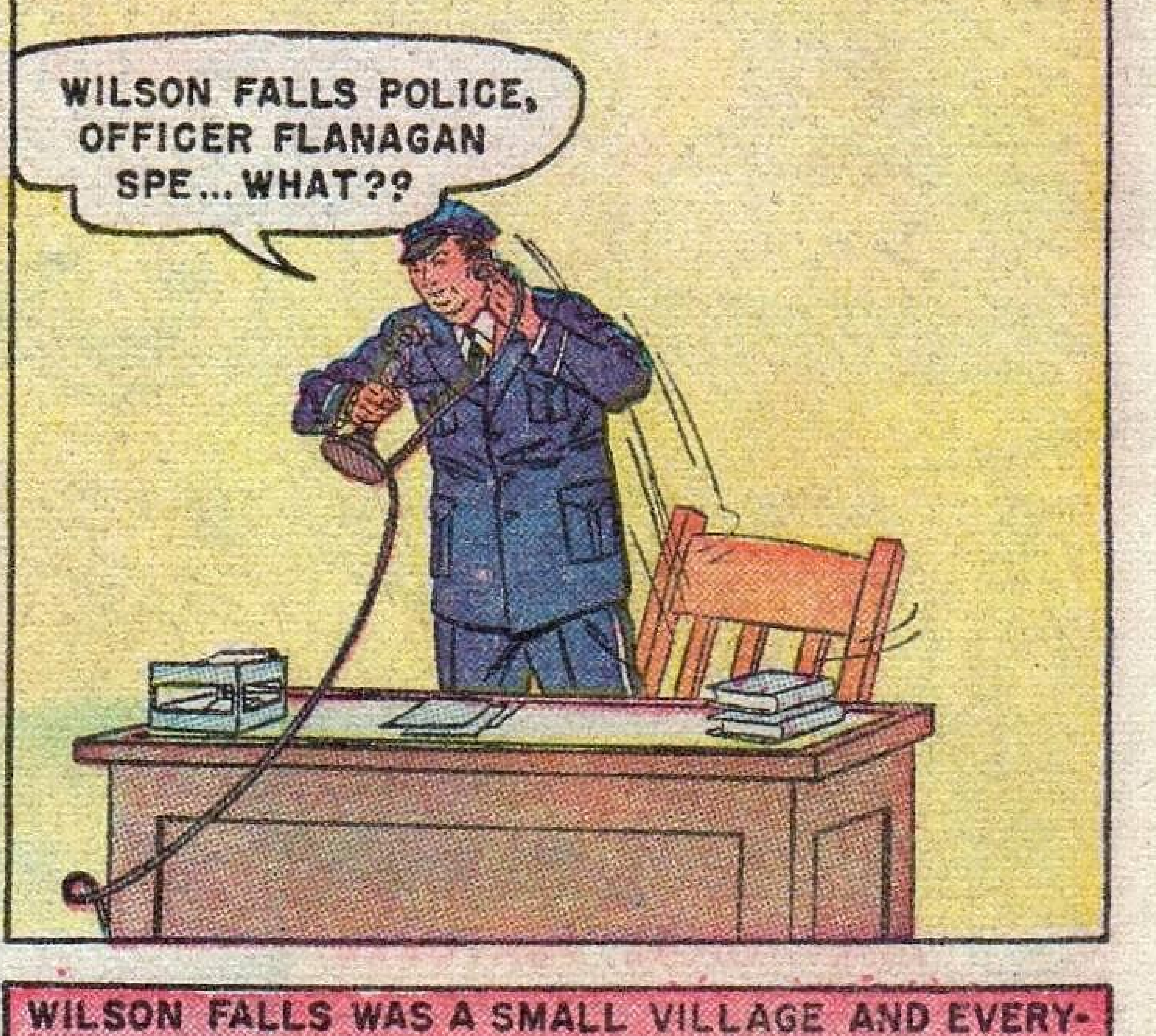

BASED ON A TRUE STORY!
4623

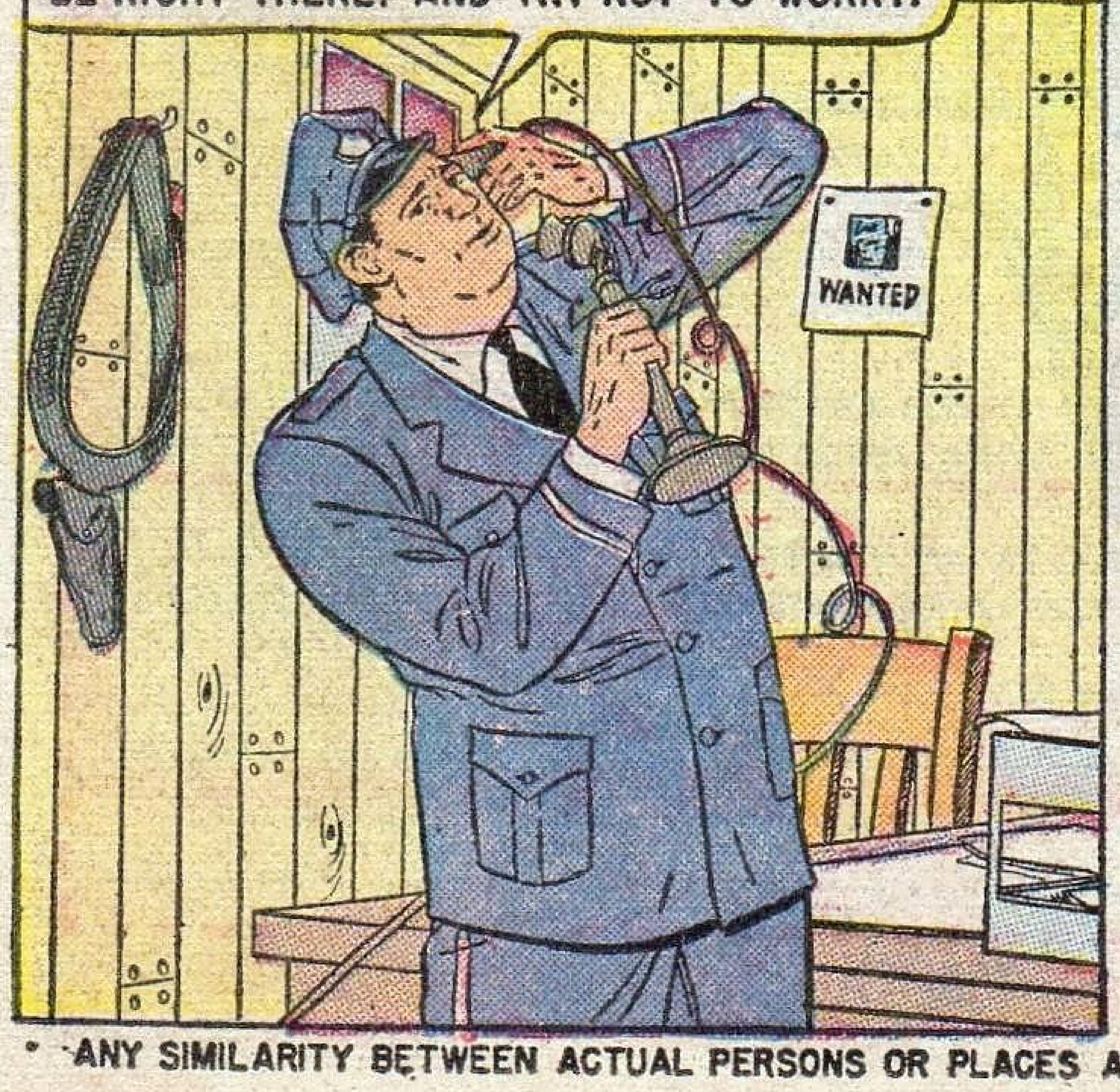
IT LOOKED AS THOUGH THE BRUTAL ABDUCTION OF STANLEY CALHOUN WAS DESTINED TO BE ONE OF SHERIFF MAC MILLAN'S TOUGHEST CASES--UNTIL HE SUSPECTED THE STRANGE CLUE WHICH WAS RIGHT BEFORE HIS EYES--UNTIL ONE CARELESS HABIT PROVED TO BE THE CRIMINAL'S UNDOING!

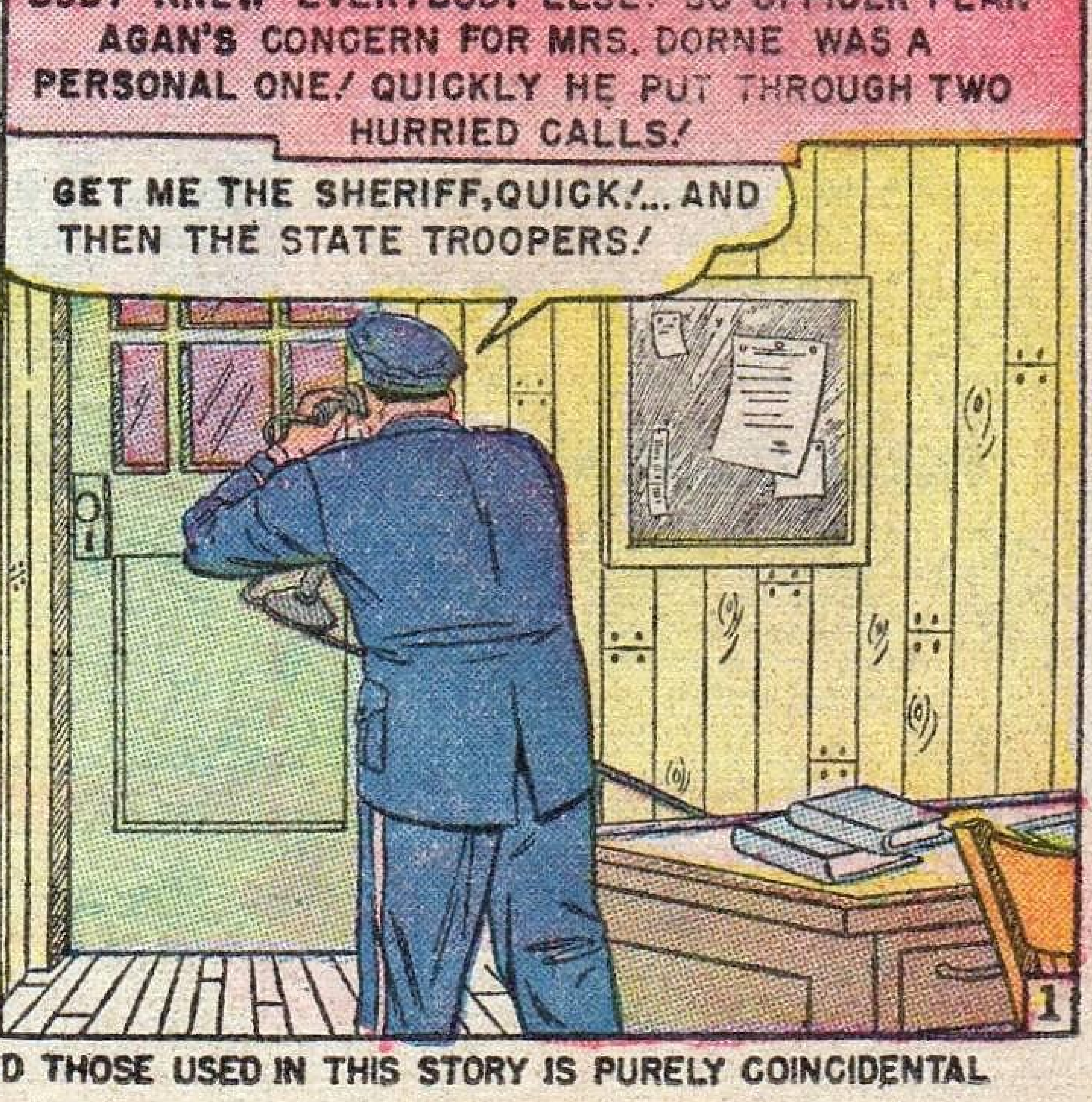
IT WAS 4 A.M. ON A SUNDAY MORNING IN 1936, WHEN THE RING OF A PHONE STIRRED THE DOZING OFFICER ON DUTY IN A POLICE BOOTH, ON ROUTE 9W IN UP-STATE NEW YORK...


WANTED
R-R-R-RING!

GRUMBLING AT THE DISTURBANCE, HE PICKED UP THE RECEIVER, EXPECTING TO HEAR A ROUTINE, EVERYDAY COMPLAINT, WHEN...


WILSON FALLS POLICE, OFFICER FLANAGAN SPE... WHAT??


ALL RIGHT! DON'T GET EXCITED, MRS. DORNE! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE! AND TRY NOT TO WORRY!
WANTED



WILSON FALLS WAS A SMALL VILLAGE AND EVERYBODY KNEW EVERYBODY ELSE! SO OFFICER FLANAGAN'S CONCERN FOR MRS. DORNE WAS A PERSONAL ONE! QUICKLY HE PUT THROUGH TWO HURRIED CALLS!

GET ME THE SHERIFF, QUICK!... AND THEN THE STATE TROOPERS!
1

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS THE RUSH WAS ON, AS THE LAW SPED INTO ACTION! FIRST FLANAGAN...
NOTHING LIKE *THIS* EVER HIT THIS OLD BURG BEFORE!
POLICE
THEN SHERIFF MACMILLAN...
DORNE'S TAVERN-- QUICK, MIKE!
SURE! WHAT'S UP, SHERIFF?
...AND THE STATE TROOPERS!
AT ALMOST THE SAME TIME THEY ARRIVED AT THEIR DESTINATION, DORNE'S TAVERN, A SMALL WAYSIDE INN, DARKENED NOW AFTER A BUSY NIGHT, WITH ONLY A SMALL LIGHT IN THE BARROOM!
DORNE'S TAVERN
INSIDE THEY FOUND THE LONE OCCUPANT, A BADLY-FRIGHTENED, WEEPING WOMAN!
OHH! YOU'RE HERE AT LAST! I'M SO SCARED! ... SO SCARED! OH, POOR MR. CALHOUN!
THERE, MRS. DORNE! SUPPOSE YOU TELL US WHAT HAPPENED?
BUT THOSE MEN! THEY'LL GET AWAY!
DON'T WORRY! THE ALARM IS OUT TO STOP THE MEN AND THE CAR YOU DESCRIBED TO OFFICER FLANAGAN! NOW GO AHEAD... GIVE US EVERY DETAIL!
STANLEY CALHOUN WAS IN HERE TONIGHT... CELEBRATING! HE HAD SOLD HIS FARM YESTERDAY AND GOT A GOOD PRICE FOR IT! HE'S AN OLD MAN BUT HE HAD A GOOD TIME, POOR FELLA!

EVERYTHING WAS GOING ON ITS USUAL WAY! FOLKS WERE HAVING SOME INNOCENT FUN, AND WE WERE DOING GOOD BUSINESS--ESPECIALLY WITH CALHOUN BUYING DRINKS FOR EVERYBODY!
C'MON, EVERYBODY! TONIGHT EVERYTHING'S ON ME!
THANKS, STAN! YOU'RE A PRETTY GOOD SPORT!
AND HOW!
YOU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL SHOWING YOUR MONEY, STAN! SOME FOLKS GET IDEAS, Y'KNOW!
SHUCKS, MRS. DORNE, WHO'S GONNA ROB ME? EVERYBODY'S MY FRIEND AROUND HERE! THERE'S NO CROOKS IN WILSON FALLS! NO SIR, MA'M!
IT STARTED TO GET LATE AND PRETTY SOON EVERYBODY LEFT... THAT IS, EVERYBODY EXCEPT STAN! HE STILL WANTED TO CELEBRATE!
C'MON, MRS. DORNE! JUST ONE MORE, EH?... A NIGHTCAP!
NO, IT'S CLOSING TIME--YOU KNOW THAT! NOW YOU GET ON HOME AND GET SOME SLEEP! IT'S LATE!
OKAY, MRS. DORNE, IF YOU SAY SO! G'NIGHT, AND THANKS FOR A WONDERFUL TIME!
GOOD NIGHT, STAN!
AND POOR STANLEY CALHOUN WALKED OUT OF THE DOOR TO MEET A TERRIBLE DOOM!
THEN... ALL OF A SUDDEN... I HEARD A CAR START UP!
WHO CAN THAT BE? CALHOUN HAS NO CAR... HE WALKED OVER! AND THE OTHER FOLKS LEFT LONG AGO!
... IF THAT OLD DUFFER IS TRYING TO DRIVE MY CAR...!
THEN I SAW IT! A SLEEK BLACK CAR PULLING UP TO STANLEY...
HEY, THERE, MISTER! JUST A MINUTE!
EH? WHO IS IT?
AS STANLEY PEERED INTO THE CAR TO SEE WHO WAS CALLING HIM, ONE OF THE MEN REACHED OUT AND GRABBED HIM!
COME HERE, YOU!
HEY! LEGGO OF ME! WHAT'S THE IDEA!

AND BEFORE I KNEW WHAT HAPPENED, THEY PULLED THE OLD MAN INTO THE CAR AND WERE GONE!"
THEY KIDNAPED HIM...THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED! KIDNAPED HIM FOR HIS MONEY! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY'LL DO TO THE POOR OLD MAN! HE'S SO FRAIL... SO WEAK! OH! WHAT SOME FOLKS WON'T DO FOR MONEY!
THAT'S SAD BUT TRUE, MRS. DORNE! NOW THEN, DID YOU SEE THE LICENSE PLATES ON THE CAR?
NO! I WAS TOO MIXED UP! I DIDN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE THE CAR! NOBODY AROUND HERE OWNS IT, I'M SURE OF THAT!
WELL, THEY WON'T GET FAR! WE VE GOT EVERY ROAD BLOCKED! HMM...IT'S TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T SEE THEIR FACES!
I COULDN'T, SHERIFF! IT WAS TOO DARK!
WAIT AROUND A LITTLE WHILE, MRS. DORNE! WE'RE GOING TO LOOK OUTSIDE A LITTLE BIT!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, SHERIFF?
...WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IS HOW THE KIDNAPERS KNEW OLD MAN CALHOUN HAD ALL THAT MONEY ON HIM!
DORN TAVER
MAYBE THEY WERE IN TOWN WHEN CALHOUN MADE THE SALE! HE HAD A WAY OF SHOOTING OFF HIS MOUTH!
YOU MAY BE RIGHT! THEN THEY FOLLOWED HIM HERE AND WAITED FOR HIM!
SUDDENLY A SCREAM RANG OUT IN THE NIGHT AIR!
NO! DON'T! GET AWAY FROM THERE!
FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE!
IT'S MRS. DORNE! COME ON!
DORNE'S TAVERN
4

WHAT'S UP NOW?
I DON'T KNOW, SIR! I WENT BEHIND THE BAR AND SHE STARTED TO SCREAM BLUE MURDER!
I DON'T ALLOW ANYBODY BACK THERE BUT ME!
I WAS ONLY LOOKING AROUND!
I KNOW! IT'S ALL RIGHT, MRS. DORNE! NOW, LOOK... WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME AND REST! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS!
OH...NO! I'LL STAY HERE! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW! I'M NOT AFRAID ANY MORE!
NO...YOU GO ON HOME! I'LL STATION AN OFFICER HERE TO GUARD THE PLACE!
WHY DON'T YOU GO ON ABOUT YOUR JOB OF CATCHING THE CROOKS, SHERIFF? SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE SPENDING A LOT OF TIME DOING NOTHING!
YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT MY METHOD OF WORKING, MRS. DORNE! FOR INSTANCE, EVEN THIS MINUTE I'M TRACKING DOWN THE CRIMINAL!
HMPH! WELL, THERE'LL BE A NEW ELECTION FOR SHERIFF SOON... DON'T FORGET THAT!
I'M NOT FORGETTING A THING! ESPECIALLY YOUR SO-CALLED KIDNAPING! HOW MUCH DID YOU TAKE IN TONIGHT?
WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? OH, WELL...OLD MAN CALHOUN SPENT ABOUT 60 DOLLARS TONIGHT! WHAT ABOUT IT?
HMMM! THERE'S OVER TWO THOUSAND IN THE REGISTER!
SHERIFF! HOW DARE YOU?
EASY, MRS. DORNE! EASY!
ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT! OPEN THAT TRAP DOOR...THE ONE WITH THE FRESH STREAK-MARKS LEADING TO IT!
NO! NO! DON'T! OH...DON'T!

DO YOU WANT TO TELL WHAT REALLY HAPPENED, MRS. DORNE? OR SHALL I?
I C-CAN'T! I C-CAN'T! HOW DID YOU GUESS? HOW DID YOU KNOW?
HABIT, MRS. DORNE! HABIT GAVE YOU AWAY!
IT'S CALHOUN, ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF! BUT HE'S ALL RIGHT!
HE'S NOT DEAD! I JUST TAPPED HIM ONCE! I WAS GOING TO FINISH HIM OFF LATER!
GET THE AMBULANCE, SERGEANT! HE'LL SLEEP IT OFF IN THE HOSPITAL!
LET'S SHELEBRATE, FELLAS! THE PARTY'S ON ME!
EASY, OLD-TIMER!
IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU HE'S NOT DEAD, MRS. DORNE! NOW I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED AND HOW HABIT GAVE YOU AWAY AND PREVENTED YOU FROM FINISHING YOUR CRIME! STOP ME IF I'M WRONG!
"PART OF WHAT YOU SAID WAS TRUE! CALHOUN *DID* COME IN FOR A PARTY! AND HE *DID* BUY DRINKS FOR EVERYBODY!
YIPPEE! DRINK UP, FOLKS! THE PARTY'S ON ME TONIGHT!
WINE
WHISKEY 60¢ GLASS
WHEN YOU LEARNED HOW MUCH MONEY HE HAD ON HIM, YOUR MIND GOT BUSY! THE TAVERN NEVER MADE MUCH MONEY AND YOU COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE ALL THIS GET AWAY!
DRINK UP, STAN! THIS IS ON THE HOUSE!
GEE, THANKS! SAY! WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
I'D BETTER GO, TOO! HAVE TO GET UP EARLY... GET READY TO MOVE!
WAIT A MINUTE! HERE'S ANOTHER BOTTLE!
YOU KEPT HIM THERE UNTIL EVERYONE ELSE HAD GONE! THEN YOU HIT HIM WITH THE BOTTLE! YOU TOOK HIS MONEY... AND YOU FOLLOWED THROUGH BY MAKING A MISTAKE!

THROUGH FORCE OF HABIT, YOU PUT THE MONEY INTO THE CASH REGISTER!
WINE 20¢ GLASS
NO, CALHOUN WASN'T DEAD, BUT HE WAS OUT COLDER THAN A MACKERAL, BETWEEN THE DRINKS AND THE BLOW ON THE HEAD! YOU DRAGGED HIM ALONG THE FLOOR INTO THE STORAGE CELLAR, BUT YOU DIDN'T NOTICE THE MARKS HIS HEELS MADE ON THE FLOOR!
SO FAR...SO GOOD! THEN...YOU STARTED TO THINK!
I'LL FINISH HIM OFF LATER AND GET RID OF HIS BODY! BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO FIX UP A GOOD STORY! IF I GET THE POLICE HERE ON A TRUMPED-UP FABLE, I CAN SIDETRACK THEM GOOD! THEN I'LL SEND THEM ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE UNTIL I GET RID OF CALHOUN!
THAT'S TRUE! JUST AS YOU SAID IT...EVERY WORD! OH, I'M GLAD I DIDN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT! I'VE BEEN AFRAID ALL THE WHILE! AFRAID.. AFRAID!
THE LAW IS JUST, MRS. DORNE, AND IT ALWAYS FINDS A WAY TO PUNISH CULPRITS...
...EVEN IF IT HAS TO USE A SMALL-TIME SHERIFF LIKE ME TO DO IT! TAKE HER AWAY, SERGEANT!
COME ALONG, MRS. DORNE!
WELL, SHERIFF! I CALL THAT A GOOD DAY'S WORK!
I GUESS SO, FLANAGAN! BUT I WISH IT HAD NEVER HAPPENED! A THING LIKE THIS... A SIMPLE WOMAN LIKE MRS. DORNE SUDDENLY TURNING INTO A CRIMINAL! IT SORT OF MAKES YOU LOSE FAITH IN HUMANITY, DOESN'T IT?
NOT AS LONG AS WE HAVE MEN LIKE YOU TO UPHOLD GOOD AGAINST EVIL, SHERIFF!
MRS. DORNE WAS SENTENCED TO FIFTEEN YEARS IN PRISON FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER AND ROBBERY! SHE DIED IN JAIL IN 1942, A VICTIM OF EVIL GREED...TRAPPED BY HABIT--AND A CLEVER SHERIFF!
THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

"I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE

until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week"

(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)

If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only *promised* her relief—but *gave* it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie-star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours —*take my word for it!*—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

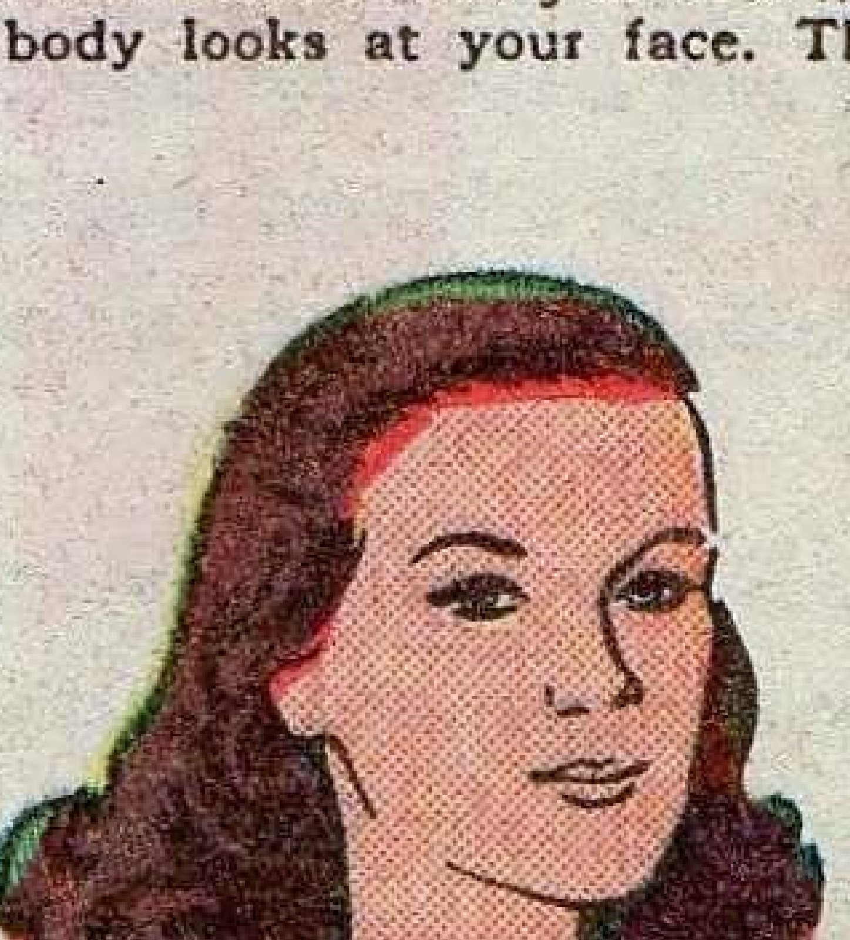
What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

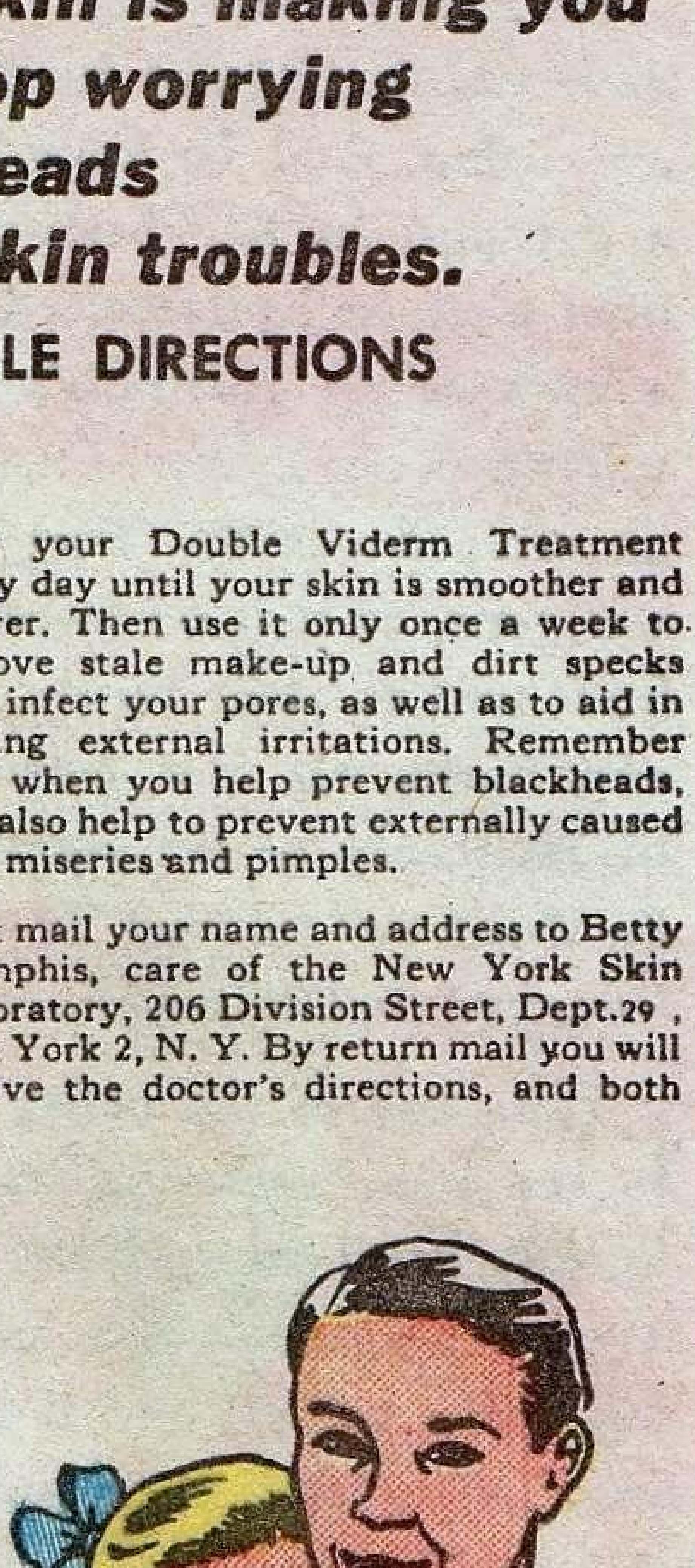
This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.



A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the Double Treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept.29 , New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment *must* work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.



PERILOUS PATROL

IT was midnight when Leslie Burke, junior patrolman, Australian Mounted Police, cautiously dressed and slipped furtively from his quarters.

Patrolman Burke was deserting his post.

He had seen the order on Sergeant Carruthers' desk recalling him to headquarters for disciplinary action. And he knew why: Not more than a day past he had been made out an absolute idiot when he had received and helped outfit for a trek across Australia's treacherous northern wilderness one Byron Miller, who turned out to be an escaped convict. That the senior patrolman was gone, or that no information on Miller had been sent to their lonely outpost, would in no way, Burke was sure, extenuate the circumstance of his idiocy to the martinet-minded inspector. So there was nothing to do but take unofficial leave and find Byron Miller.

Tutu, one of the native abo trackers attached to the post, roused quickly and quietly when Burke's hand touched his shoulder. Like Burke, Tutu was an apprentice to his profession, burning with ambition, and if the mountie wanted to start a man hunt in the middle of the night, he was ready.

Dawn found them well away from the post. The young patrolman was pushing hard; other patrols were seeking the escapee and soon a new one would be added, searching this time for a deserter. It was a case of catching Miller before he himself was caught.

"Tutu fella savvy cover up him track?" Burke asked. The tracker grinned, delighted to show off his ability. "This fella bin savvy plenty."

Thereafter they moved more slowly, but the trail they left was so slight it would slow up pursuit many times more. Satisfied he had gained the time he needed, Burke sent Tutu to search for Miller's trail. The tracker cast about in great circles, came back at last and said, "One, two, bushmen fella run 'way longa Miller. Go west."

"All right."

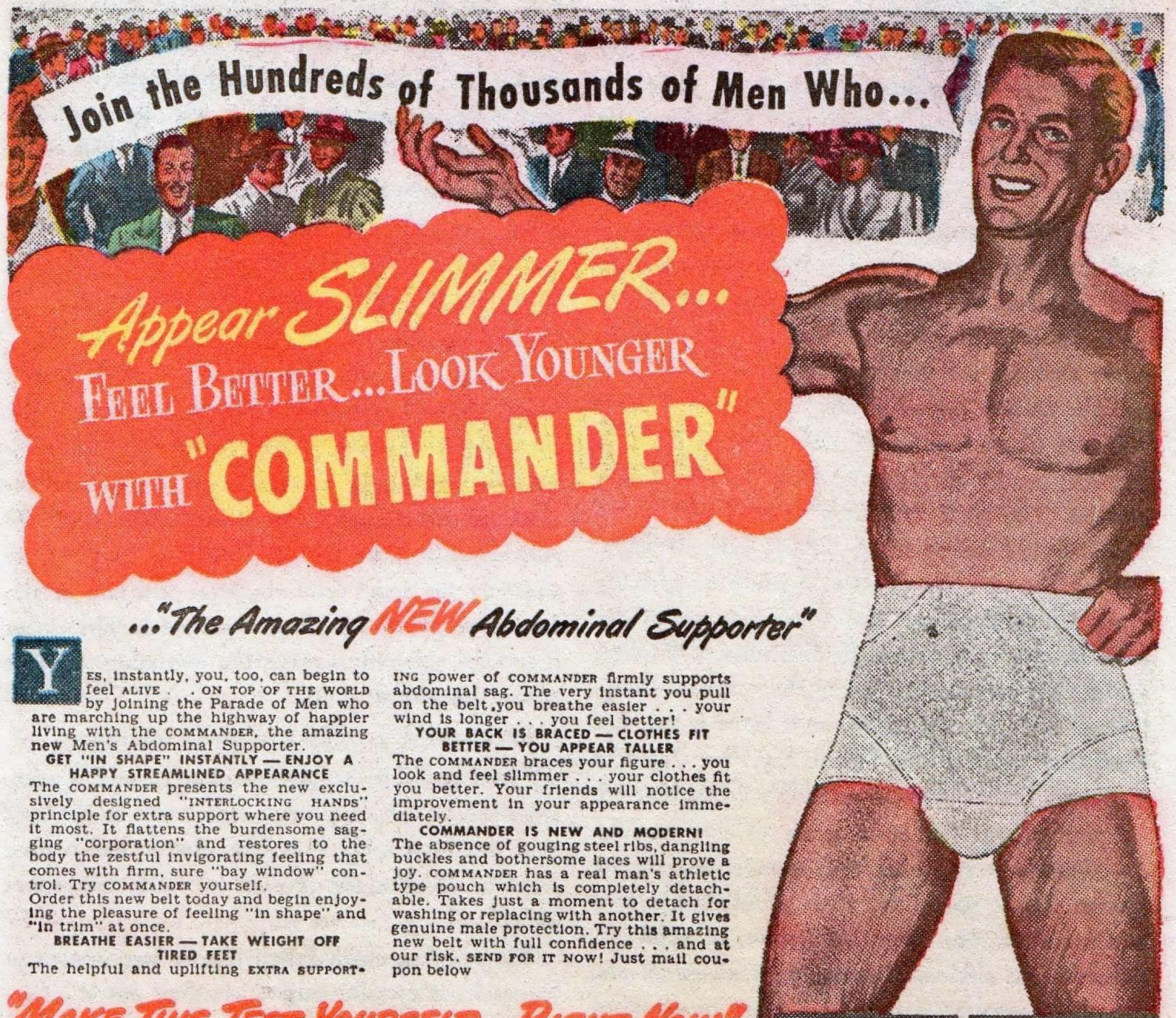
Burke motioned Tutu ahead and fell in behind him. The two bushmen complicated matters a little. Alone, Miller's trail would have been as plain as a concrete highway to the abo tracker; but with native cunning to aid him, he would leave little sign. It was a neatly planned getaway and must even have counted on the gullibility of the junior patrolman. Burke ground his teeth at the thought. His pride rankled and he renewed his determination to bring back Miller one way or another. Even the probable consequences of his own folly faded before the anger that rose to envelop his being and center on the person of Miller.

Plodding along, Burke half-regretted not bringing horses, but if he had calculated Miller's route correctly, the animals would have been a liability. The convict would try for Charlotte River, across three hundred miles of desolate wasteland where water holes were rare and jealously guarded by tribesmen who might fancy a lone patrolman and his native aide as a target for their spears.

Through the next day, and the next and the next until a week had passed, Leslie Burke plunged on. The green vegetation dwindled to non-existence, replaced by rock and brick-hard earth. Miller was covering his trail now, moving more slowly, and Burke's hopes took a leap upward. It was a brief buoyancy; topping a rise he chanced to look back and saw a tiny dot against the horizon, swinging about like a hound dog on the scent. Sergeant Carruthers' tracker, almost at his heels!

He dropped quickly into the next gully and called Tutu back. The abo came and squatted while Burke did some rapid and desperate planning. Finally he said, "Tutu, what name the water hole to Charlotte river?"

Tutu picked up a twig and traced a half-moon line in the hard ground. He marked it with



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Appear SLIMMER... FEEL BETTER...LOOK YOUNGER WITH "COMMANDER"

..."The Amazing NEW Abdominal Supporter"

YES, instantly, you, too, can begin to feel ALIVE . . ON TOP OF THE WORLD by joining the Parade of Men who are marching up the highway of happier living with the COMMANDER, the amazing new Men's Abdominal Supporter.

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The COMMANDER presents the new exclusively designed "INTERLOCKING HANDS" principle for extra support where you need it most. It flattens the burdensome sagging "corporation" and restores to the body the zestful invigorating feeling that comes with firm, sure "bay window" control. Try COMMANDER yourself.

Order this new belt today and begin enjoying the pleasure of feeling "in shape" and "in trim" at once.

BREATHE EASIER — TAKE WEIGHT OFF TIRED FEET

The helpful and uplifting EXTRA SUPPORTING power of COMMANDER firmly supports abdominal sag. The very instant you pull on the belt ,you breathe easier . . . your wind is longer . . . you feel better!

YOUR BACK IS BRACED — CLOTHES FIT BETTER — YOU APPEAR TALLER

The COMMANDER braces your figure . . . you look and feel slimmer . . . your clothes fit you better. Your friends will notice the improvement in your appearance immediately.

COMMANDER IS NEW AND MODERN!

The absence of gouging steel ribs, dangling buckles and bothersome laces will prove a joy. COMMANDER has a real man's athletic type pouch which is completely detachable. Takes just a moment to detach for washing or replacing with another. It gives genuine male protection. Try this amazing new belt with full confidence . . . and at our risk. SEND FOR IT NOW! Just mail coupon below

"MAKE THIS TEST YOURSELF...RIGHT NOW"

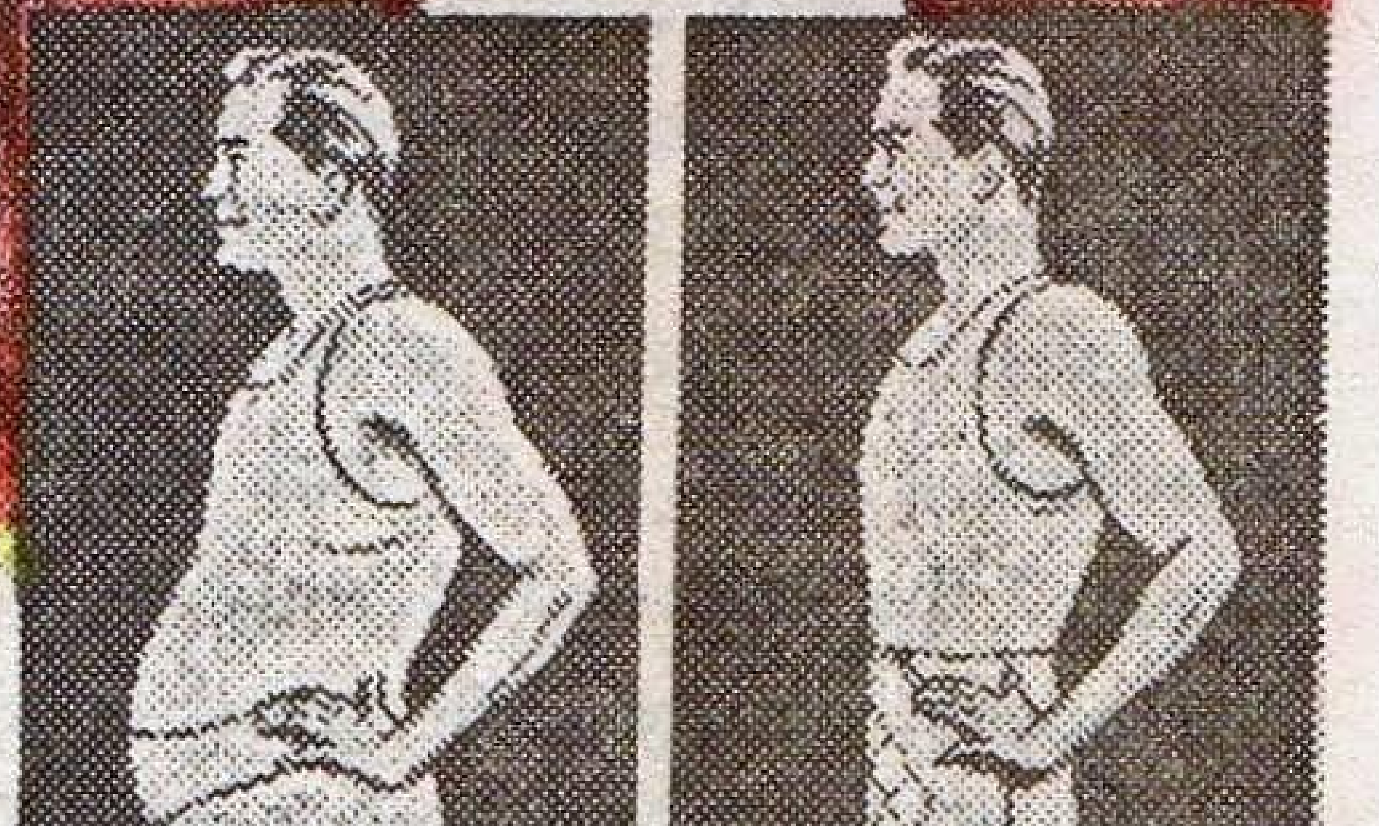
Discover the Secret of COMMANDER'S Sensational "INTERLOCKING HANDS" SLENDERIZING PRINCIPLE

◀ TEST #1

Stand naturally before a mirror. Notice how your chest is in, and how your "corporation" sticks out like a "bay window." You wish you didn't look that way. What to do about it? Get set for Test #2 at right. There's a big surprise coming!

TEST #2 ▶

Now clasp your hands over the abdomen, raising it and pressing against it. Notice how the "corporation" is pushed back in where it belongs. Sag is supported. Droop is gone. You feel wonderful and look inches slimmer too. That's exactly how Commander's "Interlocking Hands" supporting principle works. Send for Commander right now and begin feeling trim and slim immediately. Nothing to annoy you. NO LACES. NO BUCKLES. NO STRAPS.



Commander Wearers All Over America Say—

"Enclosed find order for another belt. I wouldn't be without this supporter for ten times what it costs."—Dr. C. G. S., Illinois

"I must write and tell you how well pleased I am with your supporter. It is giving me so much comfort."—H. A. Z., Bethlehem, Pa.

"Enclosed please find an order for two more. I am using the Commander right now and am well satisfied. It is the most practical belt I have ever had."—E. W., Chicago, Ill.

"I am sure you will be pleased to know that it is by far the best and most practical supporter I have ever had."—Dr. A. M. S., Mich.

"I would not be without one. It is just the thing I needed."—M. A. S., Buffalo, N. Y.

"I purchased a belt for my husband which has proved to be the most wonderful thing he has ever worn. I wish I could put into words how much better he looks and feels."—(Mrs.) R. E. M., Phila., Pa.

Above are just a few of the many unsolicited testimonials for the Commander that we receive regularly. Originals of these and others are on file.

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113 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Send me the "COMMANDER" for ten days' trial. I will pay postman the special price of $2.98 plus postage. If not satisfied after wearing it ten days, I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

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crosses to indicate the water holes. Inside the half moon he made another cross. There he held the twig steady. "Maybe Miller makum run 'way longa them line. Good water every two-three camp." He wiggled the stick. "Wallaby fella water hole this place. No more long time anywhere."

"Uh-huh." Burke considered the crude map and thoughtfully drew a line from his own position to bisect the route Miller might take. He drew another line to the Wallaby water hole. After that he issued some instructions to Tutu and the tracker bounded off.

Burke himself went off down the gully at a dogtrot, head low and keeping to the rocky ground. The next few days were a nightmare. The heat seemed to never let up, even at night. During the day the sky was a piece of glowing brass. The sun danced and swam in a sea of fire until it became a dozen flaming torches burning against his eyelids. His water ran out and Burke prayed for a breeze, but when it came it was hot wind that wiped the moisture from his skin like a sponge. Only his anger at Miller drove him on.

Spinifex and kangaroo grass at last marked the Wallaby water hole. Burke stumbled to the spring, drank sparingly, then plunged his face and arms into the water. Refreshed, he rose . . . to face a half circle of threatening Wallaby spears. He stood very still, forcing a calm he did not feel, while his eyes roved the hostile faces until they picked out the chief. Then he walked slowly towards him until the headman's spear almost touched his chest. "What name this fella war spear?" he demanded angrily. Under his tone the spear wavered, dropped a little. The chief answered in dialect with a question of his own.

"What brings the police to Wallaby water hole?"

In dialect, Burk replied, "I have come to arrest an escaped prisoner."

"You lie!" hissed the chief. He raised his spear again. "There is no outlander here but yourself."

"He will come. One day, maybe two days. I will wait." With a disdainful gesture, put his heart in his throat, he swept the spear to one side, shouldered past the chief and sat down in the shade of a tall bush. The very audacity of the action brought a partial victory, for at a word from the chief, the bushmen lowered their spears. But they squatted down in a tight circle around Burke, and he knew that if he had figured wrong and Miller did *not* show up . . . well, headquarters could wipe one junior patrolman from their rolls.

Miller came, late that evening, half dead from thirst and glad for capture if only he could get water. The Wallaby chief spoke to Burke and there was awe in his voice. "This policeman make true talk."

"Police ears are very big," returned Burke. "They have heard Wallaby war talk and even now police headman comes on trail of this patrolman to know why."

It seemed later to Burke that Sergeant Carruthers must have been waiting for those words, the way he burst into camp on the tail of the last sentence, leading a heavy patrol. There was a sudden scramble among the Wallabys as their spears hit the ground.

Burke saluted stiffly and made his report.

"Just so." The sergeant was stern and uncompromising. "You nipped a tribal war in the bud and got your man. Not bad. But it was a long chance, counting on Miller to make this water hole."

"It wasn't a chance, sir," Burke was nettled at the lack of recognition. "I couldn't catch Miller before you got up to me, so I sent Tutu to cut his trail ahead and foul the water holes. It would take two days for them to clear and Miller couldn't dally. He had to come here. Tutu should be along soon, too."

"Just so," repeated his superior. "Of course, you'll still have to report to headquarters." Then, seeing the drop in Burke's countenance, the sergeant relented. "The inspector makes all promotions himself, y'know."

Burke caught himself just in time to smother a grin. That wouldn't be regulation, he reminded himself severely, but for no reason at all he saluted briskly. The sergeant gravely returned it, but this time it was *he* who had to turn his head to hide a smile.

THE END

SL—4329

DANGEROUS TO BE TOO FAT

(An extract from Overweight and Underweight, a booklet published by a leading Life Insurance Company.)

"Certain diseases long have been associated with overweight. So definite has been this association that life insurance companies have been reluctant to place standard insurance on people with more than moderate overweight and where it is excessive, insurance has been refused altogether. *This practice shows that insurance companies consider overweight a very serious disability.* In addition to being a menace to health, overweight is a burden to carry about. It contributes to fatigue and bodily discomfort."

• • •

WHAT YOU SHOULD WEIGH

HEIGHT	WOMEN	MEN
4 ft. 8 in.	112	
4 ft. 9 in.	114	
4 ft. 10 in.	116	
4 ft. 11 in.	118	
5 ft.	120	126
5 ft. 1 in.	122	128
5 ft. 2 in.	124	130
5 ft. 3 in.	127	133
5 ft. 4 in.	131	136
5 ft. 5 in.	134	140
5 ft. 6 in.	138	144
5 ft. 7 in.	142	148
5 ft. 8 in.	146	152
5 ft. 9 in.	150	156
5 ft. 10 in.	154	161
5 ft. 11 in.	157	166
6 ft.	161	172
6 ft. 1 in.		178
6 ft. 2 in.		184
6 ft. 3 in.		190
6 ft. 4 in.		196
6 ft. 5 in.		201

Adults only, as ordinarily dressed.

MEN! DON'T STAY FAT

You CAN LOSE UP TO 7 POUNDS IN ONE WEEK

SAFELY! WITHOUT RISKING HEALTH

- NO DRUGS
- NO HARDSHIP
- NO EXERCISE
- NO MASSAGE
- NOTHING TO WEAR

LOSE UGLY FAT NOW . . Notice the difference in POUNDS and INCHES the very first week, whether Overweight 10 or 100 Pounds . . . even if burdened with fat for many years (illness excepted). The Protam Plan controls weight . . . WEIGHT LOSS CAN BE PERMANENT by continuing the plan, once down to normal, it helps retain your new "athlete's waistline" as long as you like. Protam is not a Drug, Laxative or Thyroid . . . absolutely Harmless . . . Is good for you.

REDUCE In 10 Days OR MONEY BACK

PROTAM PLAN OXIDIZES EXCESS FAT

The Protam Plan reacts quickly . . . Drastically Cuts down Fat Producing Calories. USES UP ACCUMULATED EXCESS FAT. Lose Ugly Fat Economically, Simply, Pleasantly, without risking your health. Look and feel better, see bulges disappear within the first weeks. Thousands of Overweight people report sensational results, some Losing 20 Pounds in 30 Days, others enthuse about "How Well They Feel" while Reducing. To achieve same results . . . Just Take Protam as directed, follow the Protam Plan Once or Twice a day, according to how fast you wish to Lose Weight. The Protam Plan is based on a low calory regimen. Protam is an appetite appeasing FOOD, Scientifically Formulated, Laboratory Tested and Approved, Fortified with energy-giving PROTEINS, AMINO ACIDS, MINERALS and VITAMINS.

READ HOW OTHERS LOST UNWANTED FAT

LOST 8 LBS.—"I have lost eight lbs. in 2 weeks, am satisfied with results." Mrs. D. B., Canton, Ohio

MORE ENERGY—"Have lost at least 6 lbs. a week. My, I feel so much better and have more energy and strength to do my work." Mrs. E. P.

LOST 17 LBS.—"I lost 17 lbs. with the Protam Plan using only one can." Mrs. B. C., Takoma Pk., D.C.

WONDERFUL—"Protam is the most wonderful food I have ever taken, it does just what it says it will do." Mrs. M. S., New Rochelle, N.Y.

PROTAM IS GOOD FOR YOU

Protam is good for you because it contains all the essential AMINO ACIDS, (a comparatively new scientific nutritional discovery), PROTEINS for Body Fuel, added Pep and Energy, VITAMINS and MINERALS. Protam is safe . . an amazing, nutritional REDUCING FOOD SUPPLEMENT for a low calory regimen.

Ladies Reduce FAT

The Protam Plan was designed for normally healthy Ladies as well as Men. NOW . . . Lose Ugly Fat and correct that

MATRONLY FIGURE

HEAVY ABDOMEN

HEAVY WEIGHT IN LOWER PART OF BODY

UNATTRACTIVE, FLESHY APPEARANCE

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ORDER TODAY . . . You risk NO MONEY, not even postage. You must Lose Pounds and Inches within Ten Days or your Money will be Refunded Immediately, including postage. Your decision is final. Just Mail Coupon Today . . . NOW. On Delivery simply pay postman $2.50 . . . begin Losing Fat the first few days. Enjoy New Energy . . . Have confidence in your appearance.

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Send me in plain package the 8 oz. Protam Plan for a Ten Day Free Trial. I will pay postman $2.50 plus postage. This money will be refunded immediately, including postage, if I do not safely REDUCE to my satisfaction within 10 Days. I RISK NOTHING.

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ARE YOU A
DETECTIVE?
MISSION TO MURDER!
STARRING DETECTIVE SKIP McCOY
8210
A.B.
HIGH OVER THE CHOPPY SEAS OF THE ATLANTIC AN ARMY TRANSPORT FLIES TOWARD THE AMERICAN ZONE IN BERLIN -- CARRYING DETECTIVE SKIP McCOY ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION FOR THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!
AND AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS IN BERLIN...
WE CAN EXPECT SKIP McCOY TONIGHT -- HIS PLANE WILL LAND AT TEMPLEHOF!
BUT WHERE'S HUGGINS? HE SHOULD HAVE RETURNED HERE LONG AGO!
I'M A BIT WORRIED MYSELF -- HUGGINS IS A VERY VALUABLE MAN TO THE GOVERNMENT RIGHT NOW! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THAT DETECTIVE ARRIVES TO GUARD HIM ON HIS WAY HOME TO THE STATES WITH HIS INFORMATION!
IT SEEMS AS IF HE'S CARRYING HIS INVESTIGATION ON THAT NEW HEEL-CLICKING ORGANIZATION TO THE LAST -- I'LL BREATHE MUCH EASIER WHEN HE'S ON THE PLANE HEADING FOR WASHINGTON TO MAKE HIS REPORT!
YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS ABOUT McCOY!
HOURS LATER THE ARMY TRANSPORT LANDS SAFELY AT TEMPLEHOF AIRPORT...
SKIP McCOY, I PRESUME! I'M CORPORAL "DIXIE" SMITH FROM MAJOR GREEN'S OFFICE -- I HAVE ORDERS TO TAKE YOU TO YOUR HOTEL AND TO CALL FOR YOU AGAIN IN THE MORNING!
OKAY, SMITH, LEAD ON...
MEANTIME... SOMEWHERE BENEATH THE STREETS OF BERLIN...
PARTY MEMBERS -- THERE IS AN AMERICAN AGENT AMONG US! HE WILL BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE WITH THE REST OF YOU... BUT HE WILL NEVER LEAVE THE COUNTRY ALIVE!
1

JUSTICE

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
MAJOR GREEN -- WE JUST RECEIVED THIS MESSAGE FROM HUGGINS!
Life in danger! Pick me up immediately at 21 Lidan Strasse - Huggins
SMITH -- BRING HUGGINS HERE -- I'LL HAVE ONE OF THE OTHER MEN FETCH McCOY!
ONE HOUR LATER...
McCOY! I SENT CPL. SMITH FOR HUGGINS -- THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE A HALF HOUR AGO!
RING!
MAJOR GREEN SPEAKING!
MAJOR, THIS IS CPL. SMITH! THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT -- HUGGINS IS DEAD! WE WERE SPEEDING THROUGH THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN WHEN HUGGINS STOOD UP TO SEE IF ANYONE WAS FOLLOWING US -- A BRANCH OF A TREE STRUCK HIM ON THE HEAD!!
MINUTES LATER...
IT WASN'T MY FAULT, MAJOR! I...
NOW WE'RE BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM...
MAJOR, PLACE CORPORAL SMITH UNDER ARREST FOR MURDER! THIS WAS NO ACCIDENT!
LATER, AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS, CORPORAL "DIXIE" SMITH MAKES A STARTLING CONFESSION...
I'LL TELL YOU ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW!!! I KILLED HUGGINS! YOU SEE, I WAS PLANTED IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY BY THE NEW PARTY FOR JUST THIS PURPOSE -- AS A GERMAN I RECEIVED MY EDUCATION IN AMERICA - ONCE IN THE ARMY I REQUESTED DUTY IN GERMANY! I WAS TO CONTACT MY LEADERS WHEN ANY DISCOVERY OF THEIR OPERATION WAS MADE! I RECEIVED ORDERS TO DO AWAY WITH HUGGINS... BUT TELL ME... HOW DID YOU KNOW HIS DEATH WAS NOT ACCIDENTAL?..
SIMPLE! YOU CLAIMED A BRANCH OF A TREE -- STRIKING HUGGINS IN THE HEAD -- KILLED HIM! YET HIS HAT BORE NO EVIDENCE OF BEING DENTED OR CRUSHED -- WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN THE CASE IF YOUR STORY HAD BEEN TRUE!!!
MP

— TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION —

WANTED
BY THE
F. B. I.

$100.00 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES!

ANTONIO TAVERA

With aliases: Miguel Leon Rico, Antonio Vera, Miguel Rico-Leon

DESCRIPTION

Age, 32, born September 8, 1916, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico; Height, 5' 7½"; Weight, 135 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, black; Complexion, dark; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, Mexican; Occupations, bartender, laborer, storekeeper; Scars and marks, 1¼" vertical cut scar center of forehead.

ASSAULTING AND KILLING A FEDERAL OFFICER

CAUTION:
TAVERA IS CONSIDERED DANGEROUS AND MAY BE ARMED

An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Los Angeles, California, June 27, 1945, charging this subject, as Miguel Leon Rico, with killing a patrol inspector of the Immigration and Naturalization Service while said inspector was engaged in the performance of his official duties.

Fingerprint Classification:
10 O 31 W 110 16
O 20 W. OMM

RAYMOND LEON SIMMONS

With aliases: Raymond Leo Simmons, Vernon Simmons, "Frog", "R. L.", "Son"

DESCRIPTION

Age, 28, born March 28, 1920, Hempstead, Texas; Height 6' 1½"; Weight, 169 pounds; Build, slender; Hair, black; Eyes, brown; Complexion, dark brown; Race, Negro; Nationality, American; Education, high school; Occupation, laborer.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECU. FOR MURDER

CAUTION:
SIMMONS IS ARMED AND IS CONSIDERED DANGEROUS

CRIMINAL RECORD

A complaint was filed before a U. S. Commissioner at Phoenix, Arizona, August 9, 1946, charging this subject with violating Section 408e, Title 18, United States Code, in that he fled from the State of Arizona to avoid prosecution for the crime of murder.

Fingerprint Classification:
6 S 27 W 110 14
S 12 W MMI

EUGENE FLUELLEN

With aliases: James Jones, "Slim"

DESCRIPTION

Age 39, born March 16, 1909, Perry, Georgia (not verified); Height 6' 3"; Weight, 173 pounds; Build, slender; Hair, black; Eyes, brown; Complexion, dark brown; Race, Negro; Nationality, American; Occupation, laborer; Scars and marks, cut scar right upper lip, round scar left forearm.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR MURDER

CAUTION:
FLUELLEN MAY BE ARMED AND IS CONSIDERED DANGEROUS

CRIMINAL RECORD

A complaint was filed before a United States Commissioner at Macon, Georgia, February 8, 1946, charging this subject with violating Section 408e, Title 18, United States Code, in that he fled from the State of Georgia to avoid prosecution for the crime of murder.

Fingerprint Classification:
18 L 31 W 100 16
1 12 W 011

JUSTICE

THIS WAS INDEED A STRANGE KILLER, FOR IN THE WHOLE PARADE OF GANGLAND'S DEALERS IN DEATH, PERRY LAIRD WAS IN A CLASS BY HIMSELF!
TALK TO ME! TELL ME THE SECRETS LOCKED IN YOUR BEAUTY! MAKE ME UNDERSTAND YOUR MUTED VOICES! SPEAK--SPEAK!
CHING!
PING!
PERRY LAIRD 1894 1932
ONE OF THE STRANGEST, MADDEST, PUBLIC ENEMIES OF THE ROARING THIRTIES!
BASED ON A TRUE STORY!
HE LOOKED LIKE A MEEK, AESTHETIC ART CONNOISSEUR, BUT HIS SOUL WAS AS SINISTER AS HIS BLADE!
5085
AN APARTMENT IN CHICAGO'S EXCLUSIVE LAKEFRONT SECTION, DURING THE HEYDAY OF THE GANGS--THE ROARING THIRTIES, WHEN TERROR GRIPPED A GREAT CITY AND DECISIONS WERE MADE BY A STREAM OF MACHINE-GUN BULLETS, OR IN SOME CASES--FOR ALL KILLERS DO NOT WORK THE SAME WAY--A DELICATE KNIFE THRUST!
DID YOU DISPOSE OF HIM, PERRY? DID YUH?
ANTHONY, YOU WORRY TOO MUCH! A MAN IN YOUR POSITION SHOULD HAVE THE COOLNESS OF A GREAT LEADER! YES--ROCKY WILL BOTHER YOU NO MORE! I DISPOSED OF HIM--DELICATELY! A THRUST UPWARD BETWEEN THE RIBS WITH MY DAGGER--AND ANOTHER CORPSE LAY AT MY FEET! THE FEE, PLEASE!
YOU'RE A STRANGE CHARACTER, PERRY--KILLIN' WITHOUT EVEN BLINKIN' AN EYE! AN' WITH A SHIV! BRRR! GIVES ME THE CREEPS! AN' ALL THIS GLASSWARE YOU COLLECT!
I AM AN ARTIST--SKILLFUL, EXPERT--NOT A BUTCHER LIKE THESE HOODLUMS, RESORTING TO FIREARMS! NO... CONSIDER ME A DEFT, SURE SURGEON! A THRUST, AND IT IS DONE! DEATH IS VERY BEAUTIFUL THAT WAY! *NOW*, THE THOUSAND DOLLARS--MY FEE!
HERE YOU ARE--ONE GRAND!
YOU ASKED ABOUT MY GLASSWARE! WHAT IS MORE PERFECT THAN GLASS? HERE ARE THE TREASURES OF THE GLASSMAKERS' CRAFT--A GOBLET BY VERZELLINI, DATED 1583, CRYSTALS FROM PRAGUE, WINE GLASSES FROM VENICE, EACH SO EXQUISITE--SO PERFECT--LIKE A WORLD IN ITSELF!
SEE... IT HAS A VOICE--THE PUREST--MY GLASS SPEAKS TO ME! LISTEN!
UH... WE'D BETTER GET GOIN', PERRY! THERE'S... UH... LOTS OF WORK TO DO! RIGHT, TRIGGER?
YEAH, BOSS, YEAH... LOTS!
CLING!

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

MUST YOU GO SO SOON? I AM DESOLATE! I WANTED SO TO DISCUSS GLASS-BLOWING TECHNIQUES WITH YOU! WELL, ADIOS, ANTHONY-- MY DAGGER AND I ARE AT YOUR SERVICE WHEN NEXT YOU NEED US!
WHEW, THAT GUY GIVES ME THE WILLIES!
YEAH, HIM AN' THAT SHIV! I GET THE CREEPS THINKIN' ABOUT IT!
I LIKE A ROD! YOU GOTTA GIT TOO CLOSE WITH A SHIV!
HE'S SURE A QUEER ONE! BUT THERE'S NO DENYIN' HE'S THE BEST "DISPOSER" IN THE BUSINESS!
AH, BOSS, DON'T SAY THAT! ME AN' HARRY, HERE, DONE PLENTY NEAT CROAKIN' IN OUR DAY!
OF COURSE, BUT IT'S DIFFERENT WITH *YOU* BOYS! HE *ENJOYS* KILLIN'! HE'S GOT NOTHIN' ELSE IN HIS LIFE-- JUST KILLIN'-- AN' THEM GLASSES!
Y'KNOW, BOSS, THAT PERRY-- HE'S A CASE FOR A PSY-PSYCH-- AHH... YOU KNOW... ONE OF THEM HEAD DOCTORS...
THAT'S RIGHT! HE'S REALLY OFF HIS ROCKER, WANTIN' TO USE A SHIV INSTEAD OF A ROD!
THIS WAS INDEED A STRANGE KILLER, FOR IN THE WHOLE PARADE OF GANGLAND'S DEALERS IN DEATH, PERRY LAIRD WAS IN A CLASS BY HIMSELF!
TALK TO ME! TELL ME THE SECRETS LOCKED IN YOUR BEAUTY! MAKE ME UNDERSTAND YOUR MUTED VOICES! SPEAK--SPEAK!
CHING! PING!
ANTHONY ROSSI--BIG TONY--WAS LIKE EVERY OTHER GANG BOSS OF THE THIRTIES! RUTHLESS, DEADLY, HE DID NOT HESITATE TO RESORT TO ANY MEANS WHEN HE WANTED SOMETHING!
HOW'D THE COLLECTIONS GO, TRIGGER?
FINE, EXCEPT FOR THAT TOBACCO STORE ON KEDZIE STREET-- MASON'S PLACE! WOULDN'T SIGN-- SAID HE DIDN'T NEED ANY PROTECTION!
THAT PUNK! I'LL SHOW HIM! WHEN I SEW UP A TERRITORY, *EVERYBODY'S* INCLUDED! CALL PERRY!
AH, BOSS, PERRY'LL CHARGE A GRAND! IT AIN'T WORTH IT! ME AN' HARRY'LL WORK HIM OVER AN'...
NO! I'LL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIM! CALL PERRY, LIKE I SAID!
SURE, SURE, BOSS! OKAY!

THUS, ON A RAINY SPRING AFTERNOON IN APRIL, 1932--THE KILLER, PERRY LAIRD, ENTERED A SMALL TOBACCO SHOP. . .
GOOD EVENING, SIR! WOULD YOU BE MR. MASON? MR. *LAWRENCE* MASON?
I AM! MAY I BE OF SERVICE?
NO, THERE IS LITTLE YOU CAN DO FOR ME! BUT I--HOW MUCH THERE IS I CAN DO FOR YOU! IN A BRIEF INSTANT, MISTER MASON, YOU WILL BE FREE--NO FEARS, NO PAINS, NO WORLDLY BURDENS!
NO! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
YOUR LIFE IS WHAT I WANT, MR. MASON!
I--AAAAGH!
ANOTHER LIFE, ANOTHER THOUSAND DOLLARS--TO BUY MORE BEAUTIFUL GLASSWARE TO ADMIRE--TO LOVE!
BUT WHILE THE CITY OF CHICAGO COWERED UNDER THE WHIP-LASH OF GANGLAND TERROR, THERE WERE COURAGEOUS MEN WHO SPOKE UP AGAINST THIS UNDERWORLD TYRANNY!
HEY, BOSS, WHAT'S IT MEAN IF YOU CALL A GUY A COWARDLY JACKAL?
OH... LIKE HE'S YELLOW! NO GUTS! WHY? WHO'S CALLIN' WHO THAT?
IT'S WHAT THEY'RE CALLIN' *YOU*, BOSS, HERE IN THE PAPER!
HUH! WRITIN' THAT ABOUT *ME?* AND I'M A "FOUL STENCH IN HONEST CITIZENS' NOSTRILS." "A RAT!"... WHY... WHY ...I'LL RIP THAT BUM APART! I'LL SHOW HIM--THIS WHAT'S HIS NAME--JOE MACKEY! GET YOUR HAT, HARRY, WE'RE PAYIN' THE NEWSPAPER A VISIT!
CHICAGO
LATER, AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE...
WE WANT TO SEE THIS GUY, MACKEY, SISTER!
MAY I KNOW FOR WHAT REASON? MISTER MACKEY IS QUITE BUSY!
IT'S PERSONAL, GIRLIE! JUST TELL HIM BIG TONY'S OUTSIDE--HE'LL UNDERSTAND!
BIG TONY? I-I-MISTER MACKEY IS BUSY--HE C-C-CAN'T SEE YOU!
OF COURSE I CAN, MARY! I ALWAYS HAVE TIME FOR HUMAN APES!
HUH? ARE YOU MACKEY?
YES, I'M MACKEY! SOME-THING YOU WANTED?
HOLD IT, BOYS! WHAT'S THE MATTER, MACKEY? YOU TIRED OF LIVIN'? MAYBE YOU'RE A HERO, BUT KEEP WRITIN' STUFF LIKE THAT AN' YOU'LL BE A *DEAD* HERO!

LISTEN TO ME, HOODS-- I'M GOING TO KEEP ON WRITING ABOUT YOU! I'LL EXPOSE EVERY ROTTEN DEAL YOU PULL, EVERY CROOKED MOVE YOU MAKE! I'M NO HERO, BUT I HAVE MY DUTY -- TO EXPOSE RATS LIKE YOU! NOW SCRAM!
YOU WANT HIM RUBBED OUT, BOSS?
NO, NOT HERE... OR NOW! WE'RE GOIN', SMART GUY-- BUT BIG TONY AIN'T THROUGH WITH YOU YET!
BRRR--I'M SCARED! LOOK AT ME TREMBLE! I'M NOT BLUFFING, ROSSI, BECAUSE NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME, THERE'LL ALWAYS BE SOMEONE TO CARRY ON THE FIGHT AGAINST YOUR KIND!
SMART GUY! PRETTY SPEECHES WON'T HELP YOU WHEN I'M FINISHED!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WHAT'RE YOU GOIN' TO DO, BOSS?
PLENTY! GET PERRY LAIRD! I WANT TO SEE HIM AT MY OFFICE!
AND AT BIG TONY'S OFFICE...
I HOPE THIS IS IMPORTANT, ANTHONY! YOU KNOW HOW I HATE BEING DISTURBED FOR TRIVIALITIES! AND I TRUST THE TASK IN STORE FOR ME IS MORE ENTERTAINING THAN THE LAST DULL AFFAIR! MY TALENTS WERE WASTED ON A PITIFUL MERCHANT!
CUT THE FANCY GAB, PERRY-- THIS IS AN IMPORTANT DEAL! YOU KNOW THAT REPORTER, JOE MACKEY? I WANT HIM PUT AWAY!
AHHH, A WORTHY VICTIM! AN EXCELLENT WRITER! WHAT A FLOW OF RHETORIC! I PARTICULARLY ENJOYED HIS COMPARISON OF YOU TO A BLOATED WATER RAT!
CUT IT OUT! YOU GOT YOUR ORDERS! GET HIM! GET HIM, YA HEAR ME?
ANTHONY, RELAX! PLEASE STOP SHOUTING! YOU MIGHT BETTER GIVE SOME THOUGHT TO THE WREATH YOU WILL BE EXPECTED TO SEND TO MACKEY'S FUNERAL!
GO ON AND DO THE JOB-- BUT PUT THAT SHIV AWAY HERE! IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
GOSH, IT BEATS ME, PERRY, HOW YOU CAN USE A SHIV! IT BEATS ME!
I COULDN'T POSSIBLY EXPLAIN IT TO YOU, HARRY-- YOUR DULL BRAIN COULD NEVER GRASP THE FINESSE, THE DELICACY, OF A KNIFE THRUST!
YA KNOW, I T'INK YOU'RE MAKIN' A CRACK--BUT I JUST DON'T GET IT! SO LET IT PASS... BUT YOU MAKE TOO MUCH SMART TALK FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!
OH, BY THE WAY, ANTHONY --THE FEE THIS TIME WILL BE FIVE THOUSAND! I HAVE MY EYE ON A PARTICULAR PIECE OF FRENCH CRYSTALWARE... AND YOU KNOW HOW DEALERS ARE!
HUH? FIVE GRAND? YOU'RE OFF YOUR NOODLE!
FIVE THOUSAND! OR MISTER MACKEY'S EXCELLENT WRITINGS WILL CONTINUE!
BOSS, FOR FIVE G'S, ME AN' HARRY'LL MAKE HIM JUST AS DEAD!
NO! YOU WIN, PERRY, YOU ALWAYS DO! GO AHEAD!
4

WHY D'YA TAKE THAT STUFF FROM HIM, BOSS? WHY?
I GOT REASONS, TRIGGER, GOOD ONES! HE'S THE BEST KILLER IN THE BUSINESS-- CLEAN, DEADLY, LIKE A COBRA! AND NO CLUES... YOU CAN'T TRACE A KNIFE WOUND! YOUR BULLETS TELL STORIES- TOO MUCH, SOMETIMES!
AND ONCE AGAIN THE KILLER STALKED THE STREETS, WAITING TO POUNCE ON HIS PREY...
I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, AREN'T YOU MR. MACKEY, THE NEWSPAPER MAN?
THAT'S RIGHT! SOMETHING YOU WANT, FRIEND?
YES-- YOUR LIFE! YOUR HOUR HAS STRUCK!
NOT YET, PAL, NOT YET!
NEXT TIME, DON'T BE SO PLAYFUL WITH YOUR TOAD-STICKER, STUPID! YOU'RE LIABLE TO HURT SOMEBODY!
OHHH!
I FAILED...FAILED! HOME... MUST GET HOME...TO MY GLASS...TO MY BEAUTIFUL GLASS... LISTEN TO THE SYMPHONY OF THE GLASS!
AT PERRY'S APARTMENT...
ISN'T IT RADIANT! SEE HOW IT CATCHES THE LIGHT, MAKING PRISMS OF PURE COLOR--CAN YOU APPRECIATE THIS, ANTHONY?
FORGET YOUR CRUMMY GLASS! DID YUH GET HIM AN' HOW COME YOUR FACE LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE KICKED BY A HORSE?
DID I GET MACKEY? NO, I FAILED--FOR ONCE I FAILED! BUT I WILL COLLECT MY FEE, NEVERTHELESS! IN MY CHRONICLE OF--UH--ADVENTURES, YOUR NAME IS RATHER PROMINENT!
YOU DIRTY LITTLE SHAKEDOWN ARTIST! YOU LET HIM GET AWAY-- AND I KNOW WHY! YOUR MIND AIN'T ON YOUR WORK-- IT'S ON THESE GLASSES! WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU-- GRAB HIM, BOYS!
THERE! I SMASHED 'EM! NOW MAYBE YOU'LL ATTEND TO BUSINESS!
NO! NO! MY GLASSWARE! MY BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL GLASSWARE!
5

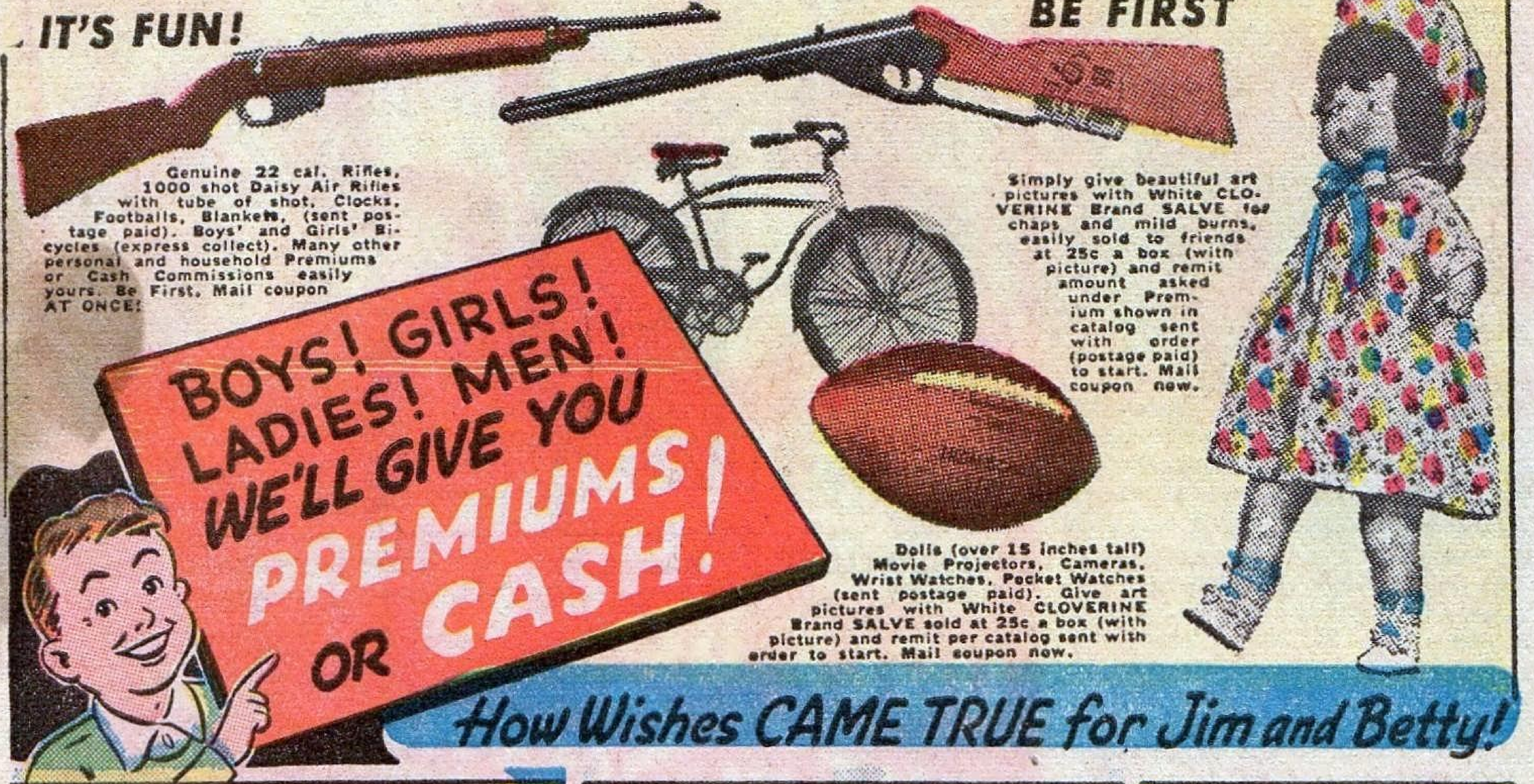
YOU BEAST! YOU KILLED THE ONLY THINGS I LOVED-- NOW, YOU, TOO, SHALL DIE!
HOLD HIM!
DIE! DIE! YOU BUTCHER! YOU KILLED MY GLASSES, MY BEAUTIFUL--
POUR IT INTO HIM, TRIGGER!
BANG!
HURRY, WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
GOSH! THE BOSS IS DEAD, TOO! WELL, NOW PERRY KNOWS A GUN'S BETTER'N A SHIV--A MILLION TIMES BETTER! LOOK HOW WE GOT HIM!
HOLD IT, YOU TWO! DON'T MAKE A MOVE, OR WE'LL DROP YUH!
NOISY BOYS, AREN'T YOU?! WE HEARD THAT GUNFIRE A BLOCK AWAY! KEEP 'EM COVERED 'TIL WE GO IN THERE AND SEE WHAT THE SHOOTING WAS ABOUT!
THAT'S BIG TONY, DEAD AS A DOOR NAIL! LOOKS LIKE THIS LITTLE GUY GOT HIM WITH THE KNIFE! GREAT SCOTT! ALL THIS GLASSWARE SMASHED --IT'S LIKE A REGULAR MUSEUM!
SO... ON MAY 15TH, 1932, "FINIS" WAS WRITTEN TO THE CAREERS OF BIG TONY AND PERRY LAIRD!
THAT WINDS UP ANOTHER SO-CALLED BIG SHOT, AL!
YEAH, YOU KNOW, PETE, I'VE BEEN THINKIN'... ALL THIS BROKEN GLASS HERE--IT MAKES ME THINK HARD!
A LIFE OF CRIME IS LIKE THIS GLASS! IT CAN BE SHATTERED AT A BLOW-- LEAVING BEHIND NOTHING BUT USELESS PIECES THAT CAN NEVER BE PATCHED TOGETHER!
YEAH, THERE SHOULD BE A TAG ON EVERY CRIMINAL --MARK HIM FRAGILE!
THE END

GIVEN! ACT NOW MAIL COUPON GIVEN!

SEND NO MONEY NOW WE TRUST YOU

IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN!

BE FIRST

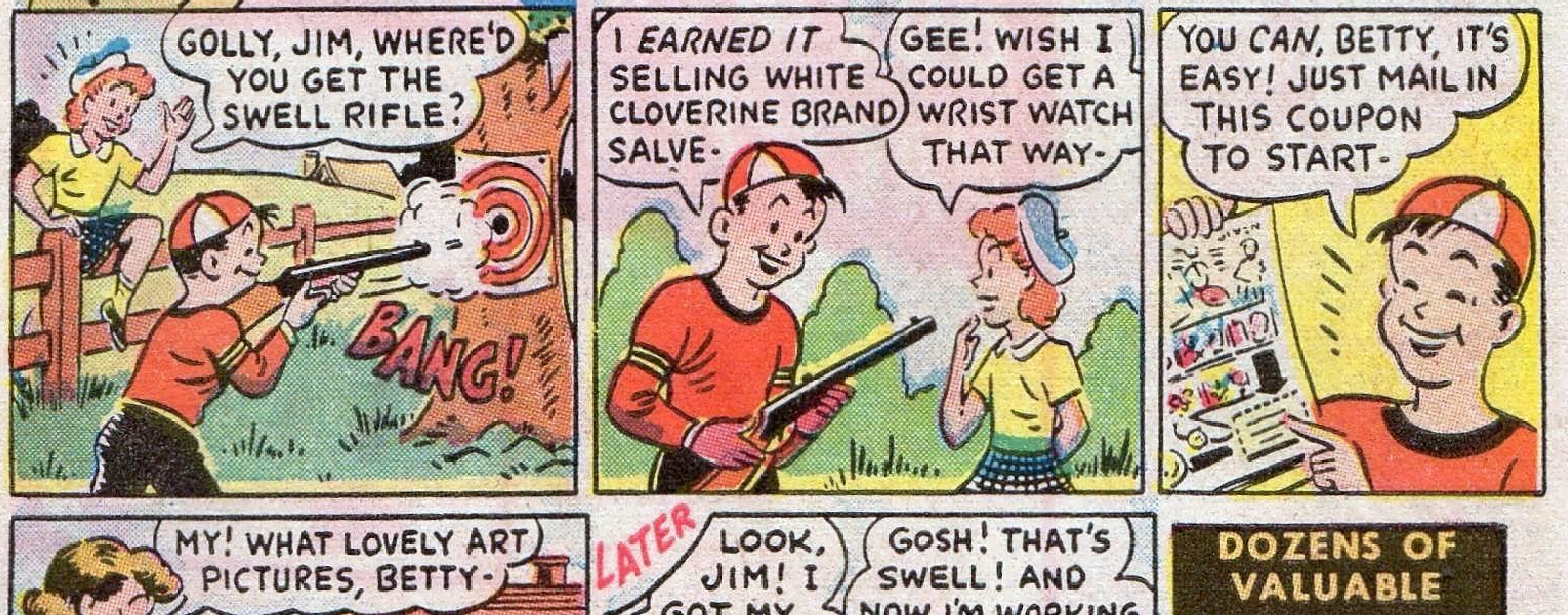

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN! WE'LL GIVE YOU PREMIUMS OR CASH!

Genuine 22 cal. Rifles, 1000 shot Daisy Air Rifles with tube of shot, Clocks, Footballs, Blankets, (sent postage paid). Boys' and Girls' Bicycles (express collect). Many other personal and household Premiums or Cash Commissions easily yours. Be First. Mail coupon AT ONCE!

Simply give beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns, easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order (postage paid) to start. Mail coupon now.

Dolls (over 15 inches tall) Movie Projectors, Cameras, Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches (sent postage paid). Give art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order to start. Mail coupon now.

How Wishes CAME TRUE for Jim and Betty!


GOLLY, JIM, WHERE'D YOU GET THE SWELL RIFLE?
BANG!
I EARNED IT SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE-
GEE! WISH I COULD GET A WRIST WATCH THAT WAY-
YOU CAN, BETTY, IT'S EASY! JUST MAIL IN THIS COUPON TO START-
MY! WHAT LOVELY ART PICTURES, BETTY-
YES, MRS. KAY, THEY'VE HELPED ME SELL 12 BOXES OF SALVE ALREADY!
LATER
LOOK, JIM! I GOT MY WRIST WATCH!
GOSH! THAT'S SWELL! AND NOW I'M WORKING FOR A BIKE!
R.F.

DOZENS OF VALUABLE PREMIUMS IN OUR BIG CATALOG

Rifles—Watches—Footballs—Dolls—School-Boxes—Pen & Pencil Sets Flashlights—Telescopes Blankets—Towels AluminumWare—Movie Machines.

MAIL COUPON NOW

ACT NOW

ACT NOW

OUR 54th YEAR

NO MONEY NOW! WE TRUST YOU

Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid) now easily yours. Simply give colorful art pictures with white CLOVERINE Brand SALVE, easily sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit amount asked for under Premium in catalog sent with order (postage paid) to start. Mail Coupon Now.

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148, Tyrone, Pa., Date........

Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial twelve colorful art pictures with twelve boxes of white CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..Age..........

St........................RD..............Box..........

Town........................Zone No..........State..........

Print Last Name Here | | | | | | | | | | | | |

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in an envelope today.

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want* to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it — with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?
ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM
TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES
FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

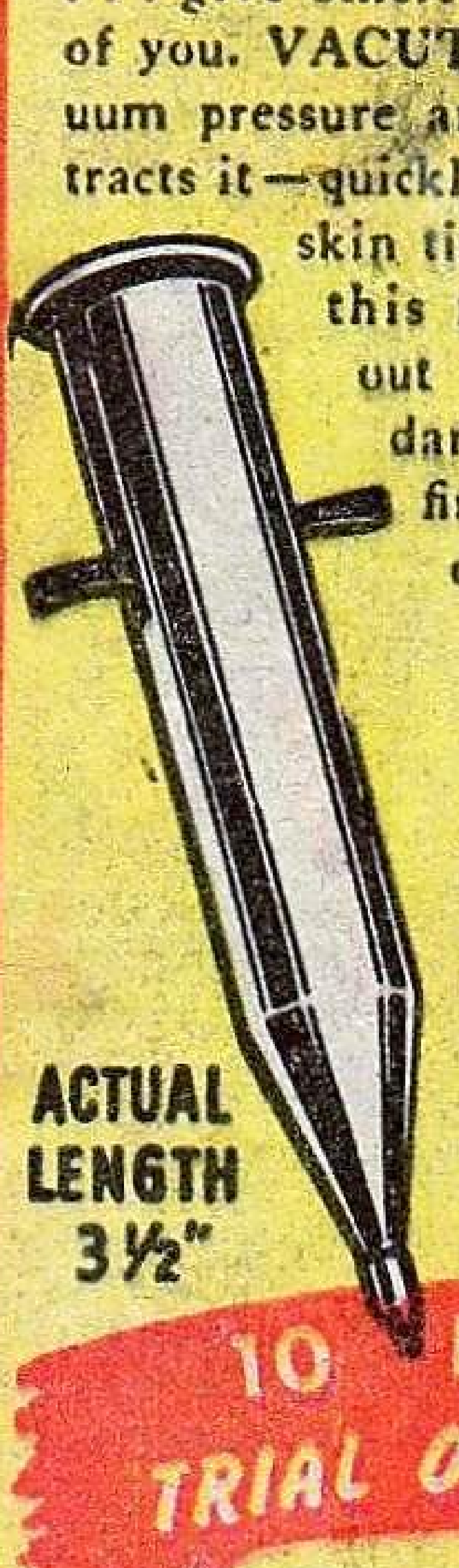
AREN'T YOU GLAD WE HEARD ABOUT VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!

No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury to Skin Tissues!

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead — release extractor — and blackhead's out!



ACTUAL LENGTH 3½"

RUSH COUPON NOW!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing $1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way — just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get $1 back. Order today!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 4002
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME

ADDRESS

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make *YOU* an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent— says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

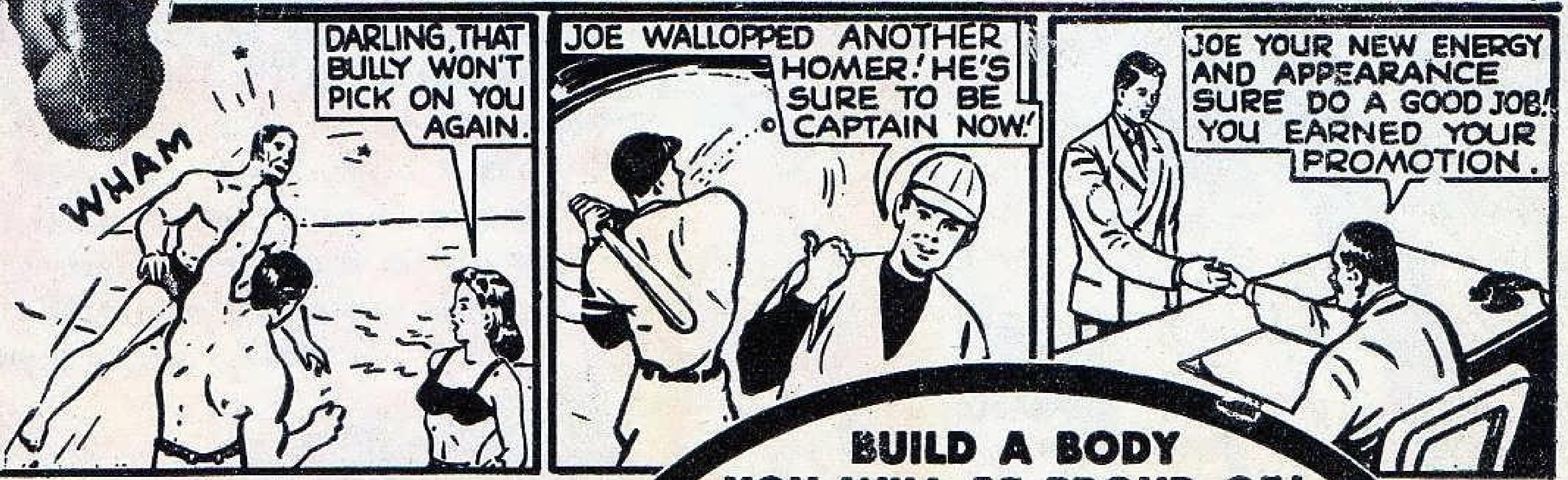
"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director. Atlantic City

Now ALL 5 FAMOUS JOWETT COURSES in 1 COMPLETE MUSCLE BUILDING Volume

For only **25¢**

PLUS MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN! FREE!

HOW YOU CAN BE A *WINNER* AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH *PROGRESSIVE POWER*


WHAM
DARLING, THAT BULLY WON'T PICK ON YOU AGAIN.
JOE WALLOPPED ANOTHER HOMER! HE'S SURE TO BE CAPTAIN NOW!
JOE YOUR NEW ENERGY AND APPEARANCE SURE DO A GOOD JOB! YOU EARNED YOUR PROMOTION.

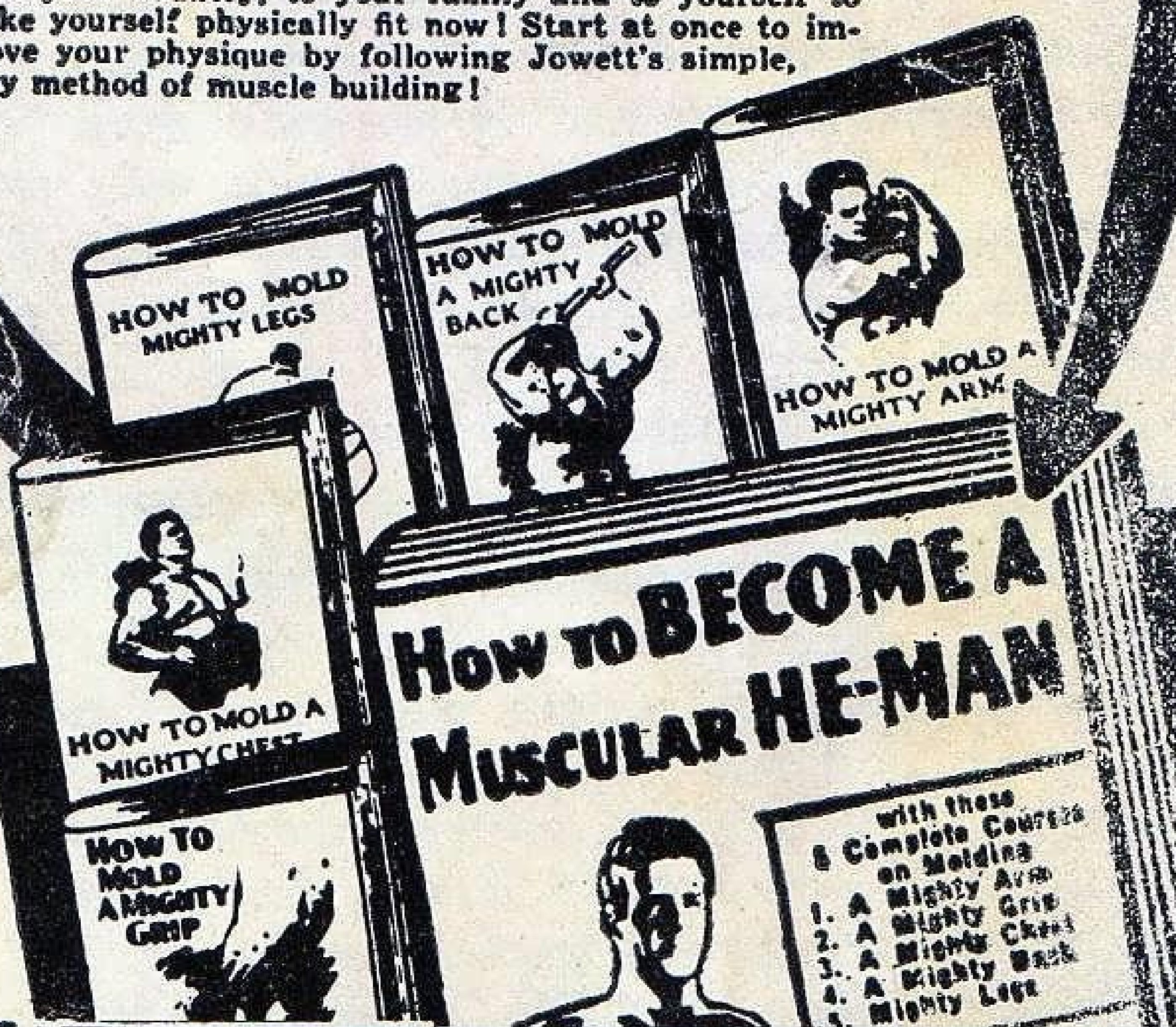
BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!

I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST!

So Get Now My 5 (Valued at $5 each) Muscle Building Courses All in 1 great complete volume FOR ONLY 25¢

PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES!

At last all 5 of Jowett's, World-Famous Muscle-Building Courses are available in one great complete volume to thousands of readers of this publication at the "get-acquainted", extremely low price of only 25c! You owe it to your country, to your family and to yourself to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle building!


HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP
How to BECOME A MUSCULAR HE-MAN
with these 5 Complete Courses on Molding
1. A Mighty Arm
2. A Mighty Grip
3. A Mighty Chest
4. A Mighty Back
5. Mighty Legs

Enjoy My "Progressive Power" Strength Secrets! Give me 10 Easy Minutes a Day — Without Strain!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis — that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back — in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

Just a Few of the Records of

George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions"

- World's welter weight wrestling champion at 17
- World's weight lifting champion at 19
- Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world.
- Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body . . . plus many, many other world records!

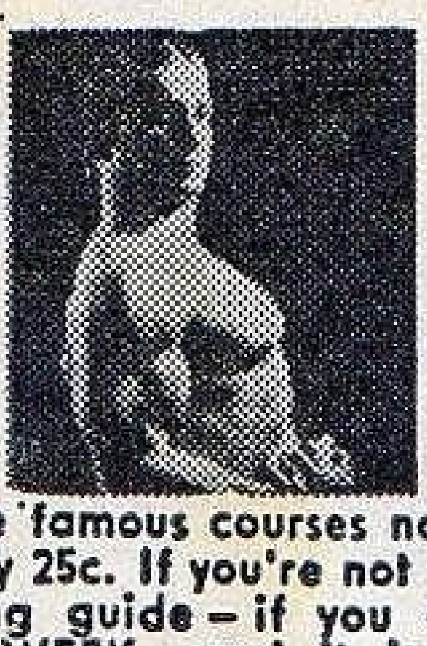
PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT. WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS!

A. PASSAMONT

Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



REX FERRIS

Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

10 DAY TRIAL!

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 25c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide — if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Send for Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

FREE!
NERVES of STEEL MUSCLES like IRON

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE Dept. MC-94 230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1,

FREE GIFT COUPON!

Dept. MC-94

George F. Jowett Champion of Champions

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscle He-Man". Enclosed find 25c. NO C.O.D'S.

NAME____________________ AGE______
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS____________________

GIRLS! IT'S THE WONDERFUL NEW BEAUTY TRIX WALLET

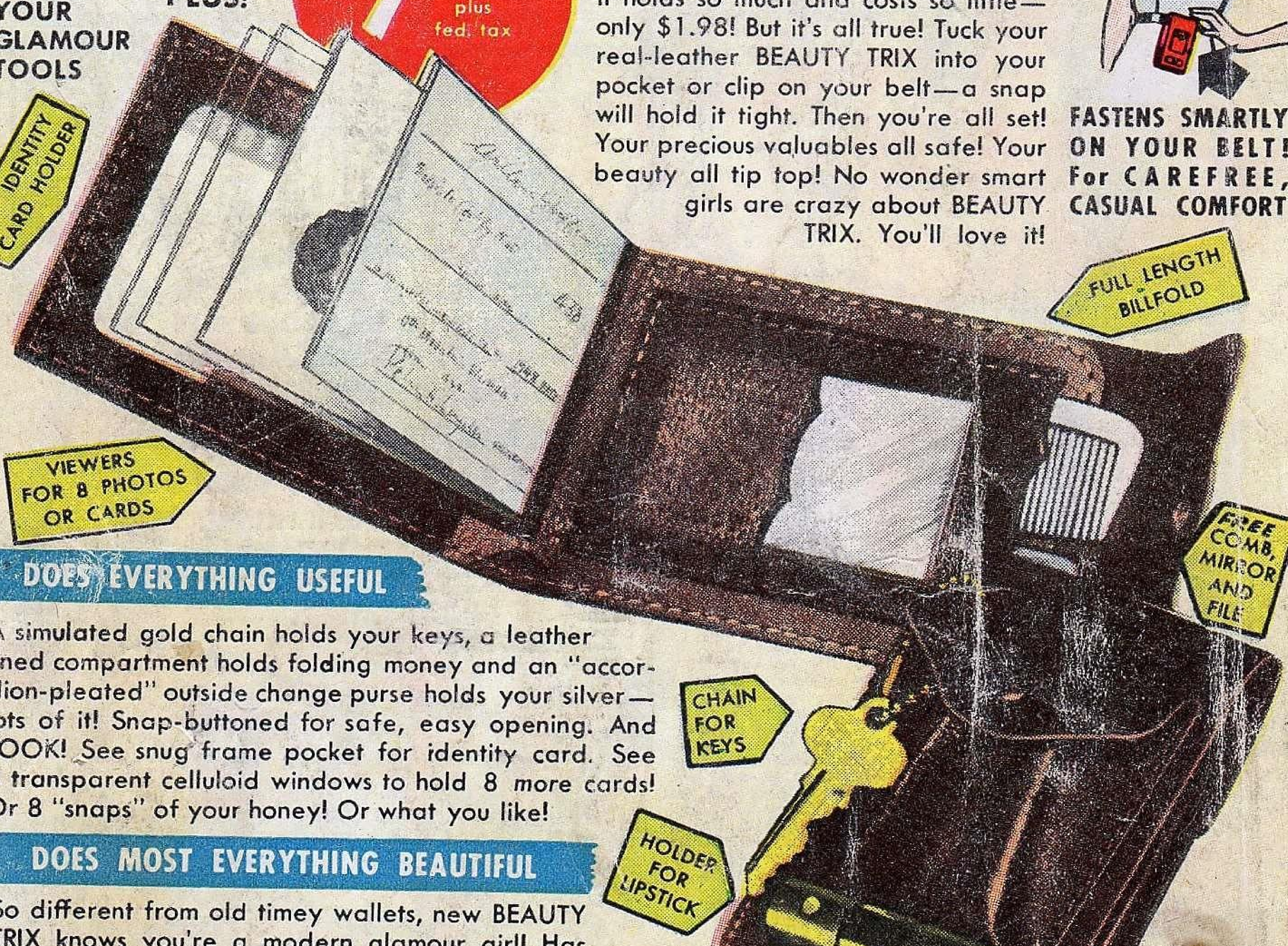
HOLDS YOUR MONEY, PLUS!
HOLDS YOUR GLAMOUR TOOLS

IT'S GENUINE LEATHER AND IT'S GOT EVERYTHING

only $1.98 plus fed. tax

Such a smart looking wallet . . . so stream lined . . . you'll hardly believe it holds so much and costs so little—only $1.98! But it's all true! Tuck your real-leather BEAUTY TRIX into your pocket or clip on your belt—a snap will hold it tight. Then you're all set! Your precious valuables all safe! Your beauty all tip top! No wonder smart girls are crazy about BEAUTY TRIX. You'll love it!

FASTENS SMARTLY ON YOUR BELT! For CAREFREE, CASUAL COMFORT


IDENTITY CARD HOLDER
FULL LENGTH BILLFOLD
VIEWERS FOR 8 PHOTOS OR CARDS
FREE COMB, MIRROR AND FILE
CHAIN FOR KEYS
HOLDER FOR LIPSTICK
FOLDS UP TRIM 'N SLIM
ROOMY OUTSIDE CHANGE PURSE

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A simulated gold chain holds your keys, a leather lined compartment holds folding money and an "accordion-pleated" outside change purse holds your silver—lots of it! Snap-buttoned for safe, easy opening. And LOOK! See snug frame pocket for identity card. See 4 transparent celluloid windows to hold 8 *more* cards! Or 8 "snaps" of your honey! Or what you like!

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So different from old timey wallets, new BEAUTY TRIX knows you're a modern glamour girl! Has mirror, comb and nail file, an elastic holder for your lipstick . . . fits any size, holds it tight! Feel easy and look lovely with BEAUTY TRIX. A thrilling buy!

LOOKS HANDSOME, TOO

Friends will think it costs twice as much! Of really genuine leather—amazing at this price—and so well made, well finished. IN STUNNING COLORS:—GERANIUM RED, FOREST GREEN, BROWN, BLACK.

INSPECT IT 10 DAYS FREE!

Just mail coupon and on delivery pay postman only $1.98 plus postage and fed. tax. Or, TO SAVE POSTAGE, enclose $2.38 now with coupon. If you're not thrilled—if friends aren't impressed—just return BEAUTY TRIX in 10 days and get money back. Mail coupon NOW! ONLY $1.98 plus fed. tax.

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☐ FOREST GREEN ☐ BROWN ☐ BLACK
☐ On delivery I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage, and fed. tax.
☐ I enclosed $2.38. You pay postage.

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City, Zone, State______________________

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE: If not delighted by new BEAUTY TRIX WALLET I'll return in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.